

*A Tomcat's
Guide to:* **Picking the Purr-fect Pussycat**

Bachelor

K B

APRIL 75¢

*A Sock-It-To-Her
Swinger Reveals:*
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champions—who were also weaklings—to put an end to your weakness and shame. Write now for my free information—you'll be so happy you did! After all, you have nothing to lose but your weakness!

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Bachelor

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Some Far-Out Facts Of Life



HANDS OFF

The Supreme Court recently refused to step into a dispute over whether or not sex relations between a man and his wife in the privacy of their bedroom can be regulated by state law. The highest court denied a hearing to Indiana in its efforts to fight the release of Charles Cotner, imprisoned for committing sodomy with his wife.

Cotner's wife had signed a complaint against him after having a marital spat, then tried to withdraw it. Authorities wouldn't let her, however, and

Cotner was sentenced to 2 to 14 years in prison when he pleaded guilty. An appellate court ruled 2 to 1 to release him.

The decision of the Supreme Court to maintain a **hands off** policy is no doubt a wise one, discretion most certainly being the better part of valor here. No one in his right mind wants to get involved in a family squabble and those judicious men in black robes are no exception. The unfortunate thing now is, Mr. Cotner will never know just how to approach his wife in the future!

MY, HOW YOU'VE CHANGED

New York City has always had its share of sights to see, but patrolman Ronald Godfrey will be a long time remembering his most recent encounter with a personal eye-popper.

Monique Appleman, who measures 43-22-38 where it counts these days, was arrested under the public lewdness section of the penal law, by Godfrey. The charge was: "Disrobing to the waist, displaying her breasts while parading down the middle of the" (continued p. 90)



Every day in every way
there's a major catastrophe of
some kind going on. Some
make headlines; some don't.
But those that don't are no less
tragic, they're just funnier.

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Chances looked dim. Joe had no college. His only experience was in his old job. He couldn't just quit and hope.

But when Joe Miller dropped his envelope in that mailbox, everything he wanted suddenly became possible. *It was the single most profitable act of his life.* It changed everything. Yet, all he had done was mail a coupon like the one you have at the bottom of this page.

FREE BOOK PUT JOE MILLER ON THE ROAD TO BIG INCOME

That coupon brought Joe a fascinating, free book from Universal Schools—the same book you can have in just a few days. It's an eye-opener! It tells the little-known story of a world of opportunity all around you in the booming Accident Investigation field.

It was all new to Joe. Like most men, he'd hardly ever heard of Accident Investigation. He didn't know the first thing about it. Yet, Joe Miller felt he had found the perfect opportunity.

And he had! Soon Joe was moving ahead in the most exciting, new career imaginable. His first full year he made \$14,768.72! *Since then he's averaged \$20,000 working about six months a year.* The rest of the time he just relaxes and takes it easy.

JOE MILLER LEARNED THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS IN JUST 30 MINUTES!

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● That Accident Investigation is one of the biggest service businesses today—a \$19 billion industry booming to new growth every year. It's safe from layoffs, recession and automation because accidents keep right on happening no matter what the economic conditions.

● That more and more men are urgently needed to investigate and settle some 22 million accidents and losses every year for insurance and other companies—and the accident rate goes up steadily.

● That for nearly 20 years Universal Schools' training-by-mail plan has been the path to success for hundreds of men in this profitable, fast-growing field—most of them men with no college and no experience.

So there it was. The opportunity of a lifetime and the way to grab it. Joe did—fast. He enrolled for Universal's correspondence training at the mere cost of cigarette money.

HE TRAINED WITHOUT RISK, IN HIS SPARE TIME AT HOME

It was surprisingly easy. Joe simply studied his lessons-by-mail. He did it in his spare time, at home, at his own pace. He didn't risk a single paycheck because he kept right on with his old job while he trained.

In brief, clear, interesting lessons, Joe learned exactly how to step in and start making money quickly in Accident Investigation. And, obviously, that's what he did. But even today, successful as he is, Joe says: "If at any time I'm in doubt, I refer to my Universal books."

Joe Miller's income is unusually high and it is not typical of the industry. He's

become a busy specialist in storm loss adjusting. But it does show the huge potential in Accident Investigation—even for men with no college and no experience. For example, here are some reports from recent Universal students:

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Sex Gets The X



In Hollywood

If it all works out as planned, any kind of movie with
any kind of scene can be made. Yeah, but what's new?

AFTER years of acrimonious debate, the motion picture industry has agreed to restrict admission to some of its films. There will be four categories that will apply to films after November 1, 1968 and also to those which were made before that date, but reissued for viewing.

The categories are as follows:

G—for general audiences.

M—for mature audiences (Parents will be urged to decide whether or not their children should see an M film).

R—young persons not admitted unless accompanied by parent or adult guardian.

X—young persons not admitted under any circumstances.

The cutoff age for R & X films will depend on the state in which the film is shown.

Once a rating is applied, it must be shown prominently in all advertisements and at the box office,

thereby reducing the risk of misinterpretation.

Oddly enough, many film producers approve of this form of censorship, while the other half are thoroughly against it. The proponents, like Otto Preminger, admit that many films will be likely candidates for the X category, but that now, the censorship will be from within the industry rather than "without." That is: because of government intervention. Preminger, who says he is against excessive violence and pornography, allows that even very sensitive film makers will turn out a picture that includes both sex and violence, but now parents will be forewarned and they can keep their children away. The film should get the X rating.

But the dissenters who are against all forms of censorship argue that there is still no clear cut way of (continued p. 86)

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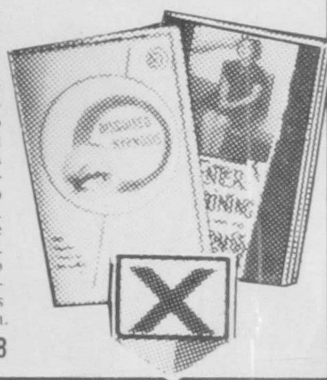
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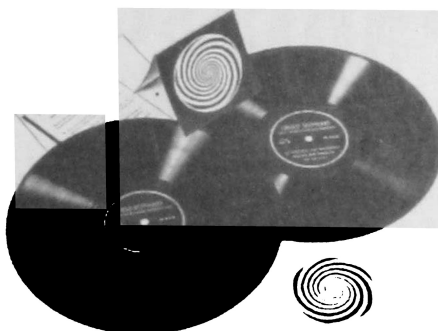
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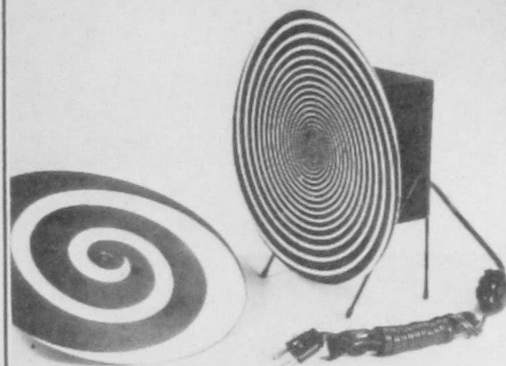
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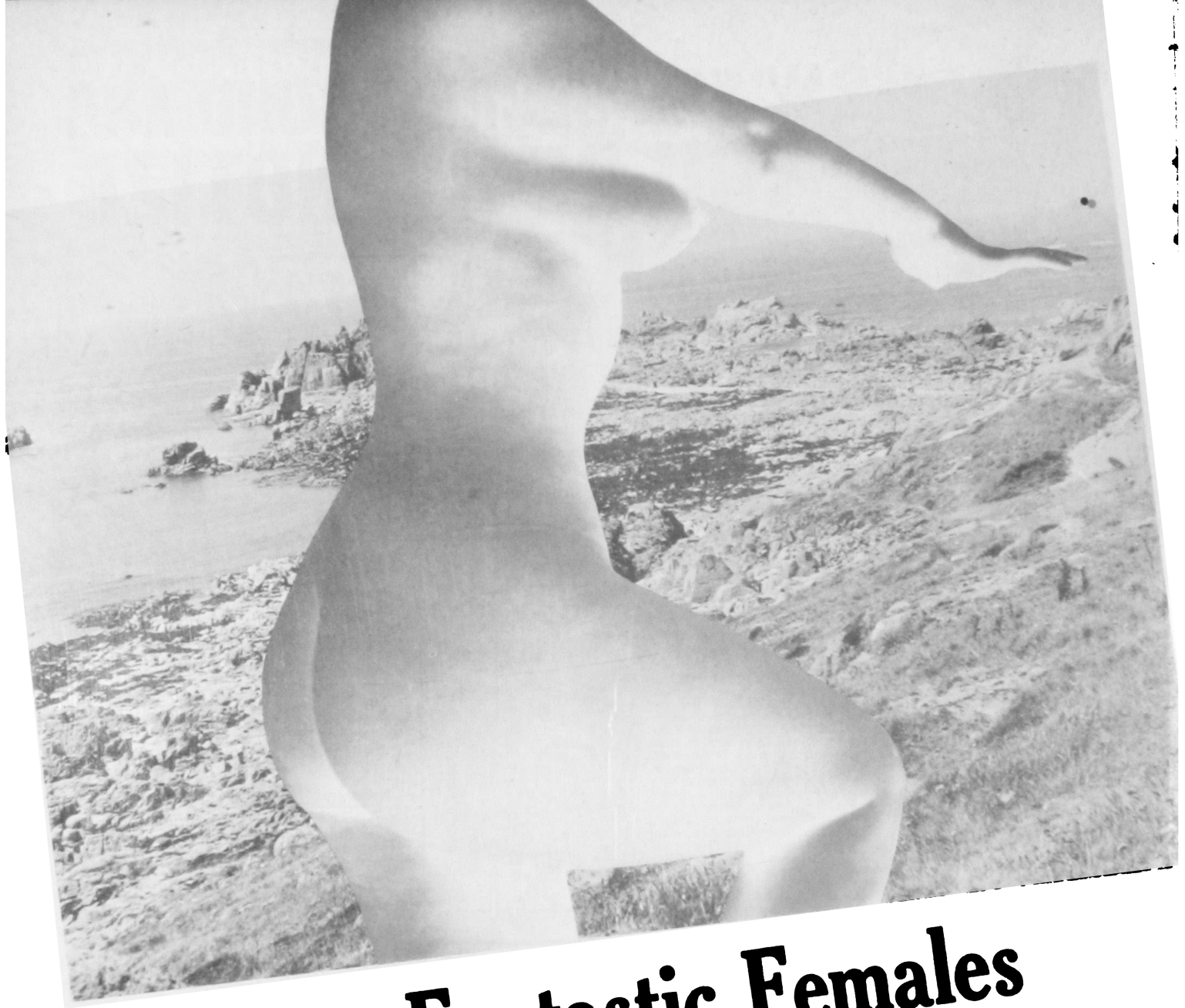
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Those Fantastic Females

ARTICLE
BY PAUL BROCK

**One of the first things you
will be told by the police on
this island is to walk in twos
or threes if you don't want to
be accosted by nude, love-
starved beauties of all ages.**

A guy on his own can lose his masculine dignity—among other things—very fast on that sexy vacation paradise they call The Channel Islands in the English Channel between Britain and France. He has to watch it carefully as he strolls across the five miles of vivid white sand at St. Ouen's Bay on the west coast of Jersey, biggest of the islands. It's just possible he might be waylaid and made love to by a bunch of laughing, superbly-built female beach hellions clad in the altogether, and whisked away to be dealt with inside the concealing caves and coves.

What *can* happen to him under such circumstances is capable of playing the very devil with his per-

sonal estimation of himself as a wolfish, aggressive girl-chaser.

A husky young auto-worker from Detroit named Joe D... found himself in exactly that position recently when, alone and on vacation as he thought, he decided to inspect the Channel Islands' Elizabethian fortress of L'Islet Rock.

Four man-hungry, completely nude English girls, he babbled later, pounced on him as he was entering one of the fortress dungeons, and deprived him of every stitch of his clothing.

Facing a fate worse than bankruptcy, he managed to struggle from the demanding embraces of his fair captors and run, naked but not yet ashamed, a distance of nearly two miles across the sands.

His story, told to the desk ser-



Of "FORTUNATE ISLE"

geant later, was a real tear-jerker. Before being given a pair of pants and a shirt, he reported, the lady receptionist at the guest house insisted on leading him by the hand right through the guest house lounge. This was occupied by about twenty females, all of whom showed an intense interest in his plight.

Their excited giggles and sensuous stares, he vowed, were etched into his memory like the date of his own birthday. He would never forget the shattering experience.

- The Jersey cops merely yawned when they heard the handsome auto worker's story. "It happens all the time," they told him as they showed him mug shots of some of the barest man-hunting females outside a stag party movie. "Males who don't want to be forcibly raped by stunningly

endowed and love-hungry females on these here islands, are advised to stick together in male groups of three or four. We take no responsibility for men who deliberately ignore such advice."

If Joe objected to his captors' advances, the cops added, he should have made use of a quaint custom which prevails on the island of Jersey and is almost foolproof. A guy who has a grievance against anyone—anyone at all—is supposed to drop to one knee and shout: "Haro! Haro! Haro! A l'aide mon Prince. On me fait tort." (Haro! Haro! Haro! Help me my Prince. I am being wronged.)

On the Channel Islands this is called raising the Clameur de Haro.

Once it has been raised, the aggressor, male or female is bound under heavy penalties to desist until the disputed business at hand has been discussed verbally between the contending parties. And a compromise has been reached.

Notwithstanding Joe's remarkable adventures, however, most males exploring the Channel Islands (also known as The Fortunate Islands) are unlikely to find cause for raising the Clameur de Haro when confronted with such a ticklish problem. They are much more likely to show a certain sympathy and understanding towards their desperate, unclad abductresses.


As the man (continued p. 84)



FICTION

BY TED BRADLEY

THE SHE-DEVIL



He was ready to give himself up, but the baying of the hounds urged him on. Then, at the last minute when all seemed lost, there she stood; a giant, bare-breasted woman, beckoning to him.

A HEAD the path narrowed, then widened unevenly. Vegetation began to creep over the quickly evaporating trail. Small harmless tufts of grass at first, then the tough, durable weeds that grew profusely through the forest. Eventually the beaten earth was devoured, swallowed up by the very nature it had dared to penetrate. Only the sounds of his footsteps, and the clang of the chain which fused his wrists together broke the silence.

He pushed on, savagely beating back the small, razor sharp branches of the undergrowth that stood before him. His trouser legs soaked themselves into an icy blanket from the wet foliage that seemed to grab at his ankles, holding him, pulling him down. He cursed and crouched there in the midst of approaching night. A shiver coursed its way through his body as he brought his shackled hands up to his face, rubbing his eyes, fighting back the sobs that choked up his throat.

In the distance, almost inaudible, the high baying howl of a hound seeped through the humid air to his ears. He jerked his head about, desperately trying to peer through the mounting blackness of twisted vines and sweeping branches. They would be coming soon now.

His aching muscles screamed their rebellion as he pushed his way farther into the jungle. His breath rushed through his chest with the grinding sound of a wounded animal.

The moon speared through the blackened air with silver wings, throwing weird, intangible shadows across his path. The sharp, stinging pain of a hundred lacerations, so long ignored, began to ache from his bleeding arms. He stumbled, and mud embraced his falling body, rushing up to his mouth and nose like a hot, stagnant blanket. He thrashed about, gasping for air, spitting. The sounds of the dogs slobbering with anticipation moved closer.

He barely felt the soft tug under his armpits as he was pulled to his feet. He smeared the mire from his eyes, focusing his sight. He stepped back. Before him was a woman.

She stood bronze, even in the fluorescent light of the moon, a statue of grace and pride. She beckoned for him to follow her, pointing a graceful finger off to the side.

He swallowed, although his throat constricted hotly from the lack of saliva. "Who are you?" he asked.

She brushed her lips

(continued p. 86)

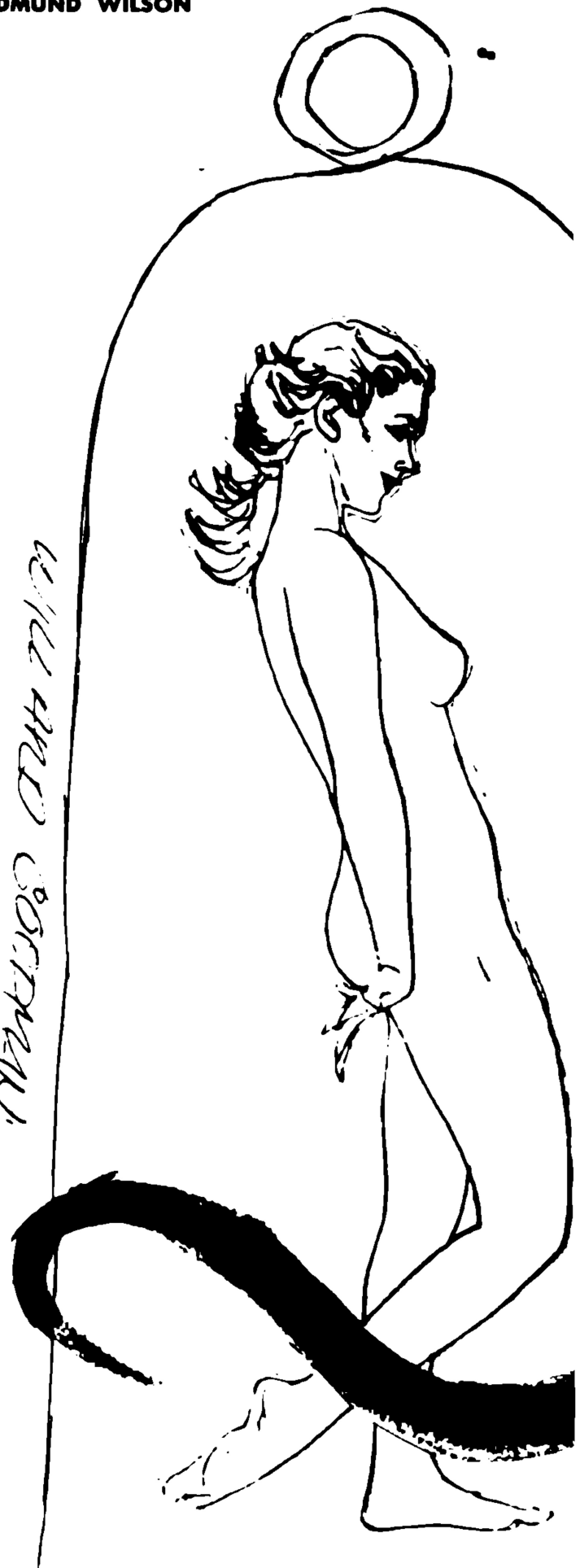
...
TOMCAT'S GUIDE TO:

Picking The Purr-fect Pussycat

*Checking out a chick's pad
 can be more informative than
 browsing through her diary.*

*There will be plenty of tell-
 tale signs around to tell you
 if she's a happy or sad tale.*

WILLIAM COSTUME





THERE IS NO other decision a man makes, save the selection of a wife, as important as his choice of a mistress. Yet, from Larchmont to Laurel Canyon, both bachelors and hedonistic husbands shop lackadaisically for this necessary nymphet with less care than they exercise in buying a suit of clothes off the rack.

Whether you are considering a new set of threads or a semi-permanent sex kitten, there are standard questions you should ask yourself. Does she/it enhance my personal appearance? How is the fit? Will she/it wear well and retain the shape? Then, if you're a smart and wary shopper, you'll try several others for size before arriving at a final decision.

Luckless lovers who have been penalized for impetuosity abound in every bar. They slump stonily on barstools in big cities and small towns, wearing slightly dazed expressions and making careful, concentric circles of water on the mahogany with the bottoms of their martini glasses—the only perfect things they feel confident of creating.

Take a look at that fellow over there, the one with the look of a loser. He didn't always look that way. Less than a year ago he had it all going for him—a good job on Madison Avenue, single status and a swinging pad with a panoramic view of the East River. That was B.J.: Before Jennifer.

Jennifer was the sort of girl he dreamt about; not the sort he'd been waking up with. She was British, built and absolutely begging to be bedded. Less than a week after they met at a party, Tom and Jennifer plunged into playing house and they were happier than clams. They were as happy as a couple of oysters Rockefeller.

As things turned out Jennifer was a thing of beauty and a joy for six months, 17 days and seven hours, at which point she explained tearfully that her "Mums" was at death's door and she would have to jet the hell over to London at once. Trusting, tender old Tom even took her to the airport in a hired limousine and shed a tear when she left.

One month later he cried a river as full as the Thames when his monthly statement arrived from Saks Fifth Avenue. This larcenous Limey had swiped his charger plate and had purchased \$7,644.39 worth of going-away presents for herself, including a mink jacket, a dozen dresses, a sizeable cache of costume jewelry, loads of lingerie and about a quart of expensive French perfume.

Furious, Tom balked at paying, pleading that a perfidious package from Picadilly had purloined his charger plate, but his lawyer gave him the sad news that he was responsible: he had rashly represented her as his wife so that she might occasionally use the charger to make small purchases. Small purchases!

His next thought was to notify Interpol or Scotland Yard and have her tossed into the Tower of London, or wherever they put bad little British broads these days, but it occurred to him that he really knew nothing at all about her except that her name was Jennifer Swift (or was it?) and she was

PICKING THE PURR-FECT PUSSYCAT

from London. That narrows it down, since London is a mere 11 million souls.

Today Tom trembles and breaks into an icy sweat whenever he's tricked into seeing a Julie Christy or Vanessa Redgrave movie. His ego is irreparably bruised and it will be late 1971 before he is all square with Saks. And he might have easily avoided all these emotional and financial scars had he remembered the cardinal rule in the Making of a Mistress:

Check the Chick Out.

Tom was so taken with Jennifer (he once described her as "a pussycat in public and a tiger in the kip") that he neglected the elementary precautions. A discreet inquiry would have disclosed that the Immigration and Naturalization authorities were looking for her for overstaying her visitor's permit. A simple credit check, which he could have made through his agency, would have told him she was up to her London derriere in debt. And a call to her ex-employer would have absolutely curled his hair.

The late Errol Flynn once said there are five kinds of females who must be ruled out immediately as mistress material:

(a) One who is already somebody's mistress.

(b) One who is somebody's mistress and the somebody is your boss.

(c) The girl who lives at home and is very attached to her family.

(d) The girl who lives at home and is very attached to her family, a male member of which is a cop, an assistant district attorney or an agent of the Internal Revenue Service.

(e) Junkies, women in the process of visiting head-shrinkers and those who are auditioning prospective daddies for their kids.

Errol's well-publicized track record with the weaker (?) sex rules out the main categories of untouchables, but he had merely scratched the surface in the fascinating game of Checking the Chick Out, a technique which is simple to master and one which will save you time, money and aggravation.

Let's assume you've zeroed in on a likely lass and she confesses she isn't doing a thing next Saturday night. The obvious place to start your work as an amateur detective is her apartment. So you offer to

pick her up at her place and then you deliberately show up 15 minutes early for the date. This is very important.

By arriving early you are likely to catch her without her make-up on, perhaps with her hair still up in curlers and most likely sans girdle. Thus, you get an instant preview of what she looks like in the morning. Then, while she's busy in the bedroom or the john getting herself all gussied up for your big evening on the town, you start checking her out.

If she fails to offer you a drink while you are waiting give her a large demerit for being either ungracious, a teetotaler or a retired lady lush. Probably she will offer you one and you'll be wise to help her with it or make it yourself, thereby getting a quick gander at her liquor larder. Warning: if she has more than three bottles of any good scotch or brandy, take heed. Most likely another guy is buying her booze.

Take a good look at the sort of thing she reads. If she's bothered to buy "Valley Of the Dolls" or "Sex And the Single Girl" consider it a plus. Should she prefer such anti-male stuff as "The Second Sex" or "The Feminine Mystique," watch your step. She may be a dedicated feminist and even a bit of a lesbian. Cook books are a very good sign (if you have a good appetite) and the better the cookbook, the better the sign.

If she has a record collection look for albums by Sinatra, Lena Horne, Tony Bennett, Judy London and Jackie Gleason—all great background music for balling. The absence of a television set is a good omen, showing an interest in higher forms of entertainment, but if she's got a color TV and keeps the weekly program guide right on top of it she could be the kind of nut who'll giggle at something Johnny Carson said right in the middle of the whole thing. Deadly.

Once you have gone over the living room like a road-company James Bond (hastily reading any opened mail—bills included—which might be lying around loose) mosey out to the kitchen on the pretense of getting more ice or adding a dash of water to your drink. Turn your attention first to the refrigerator and freezer.

A large supply of skimmed milk

and diet cola (if accompanied by books on dieting, diet pills in the medicine cabinet) suggest a continuing battle against overweight. Once she has you hooked she'll abandon the diet and eat like a stevedore—and who needs a sequined and mascaraed stevedore? The presence of real butter, rather than margarine, plus gourmet goodies like avocado pears, hearts of palm and artichoke is a big plus.

If her freezer is a wall-to-wall icy receptacle for TV dinners and her food supply further discloses instant coffee and lots of tinned foods, you can bet you won't be eating many candle-lit dinners for two in her pad. A wide variety of spices indicates a good cook, so check out the spice rack. Sniff and taste the jar marked oregano because many a clever chick stashes her pot (marijuana) under this alias, since they look nearly identical.

Assuming that she is locked in the john, take this opportunity to have a quick peek into her boudior to check for neatness and the size of the bed. If time permits, a fast examination of her closet will give you an idea of how much she spends on clothes and, should you find a man's robe or other tell-tale signs of a gentleman visitor, you know you're in the wrong place.

If she's in the bedroom and the powder room is unoccupied, excuse yourself and spend a few minutes in careful perusal of this lode of intelligence. Opening the medicine chest (while running the water, naturally, to muffle sounds of your search) see what sort of toothpaste she uses. If you find two different brands it means she has occasional overnight visitor(s) male or female. Polident or Fasteeth suggests false choppers, so no corn-on-the-cob.

Check out all bottles of pills, looking carefully at the prescriptions, because sleeping pill queens are nothing but junior junkies and you'll be courting a potential suicide. Have a look at all jars of salve (and sniff them, too) because she may be fairly eaten up by some dread dermatitis and skin conditions can be discouraging to all but aficionados of acne. After Thirty Cream's a tip-off that she ain't Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

Most girls have two toothbrushes and change back and forth; more than two suggests a regular visitor. A new toothbrush in the medicine cabinet, still in (continued p. 70)

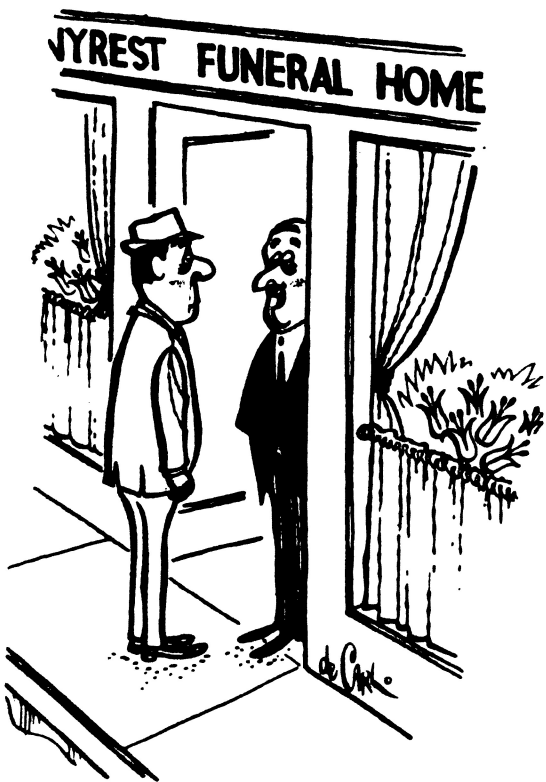
You'll Die Laughing



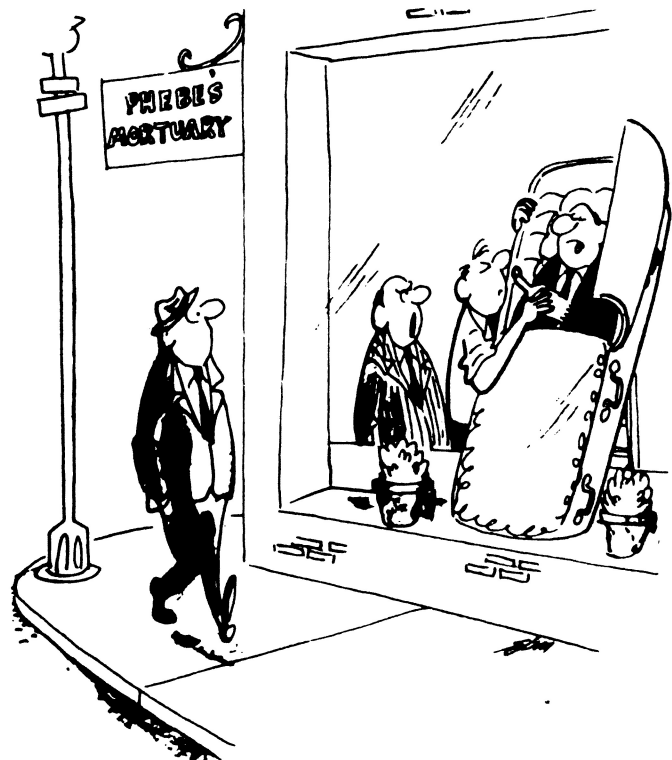
"Are you any good at filing?"



"He's sinking rapidly."



"Won't you come in? Absolutely no obligation to die."



"Higgins, when I told you to create a window display, I meant with flowers!"



Actually, she didn't quit so much as she was asked to leave by her employer who, despite lots of customers, really hated to see her go.

CAUTION:

A little-known fact about beautiful Bambi Allen, our curvaceous cover girl, is that she saved hundreds of lives last year and prevented hundreds of traffic accidents. Bambi quit her job as a driving instructor! All because the men couldn't keep their eyes on the road.



Which is more than understandable. Bambi is the kind of dear thing you like having around, even if only as a conversation piece, right?



SOFT CURVES AHEAD



Bambi, an excellent driver herself, decided to put her talents to use. She got a job within a minute after walking into the office and lost it less than three months later when all her male students were denied their licenses. The boys never complained, but her boss began to get suspicious.

See next page



One trip around the block with a prospective customer behind the wheel and Bambi beside him and the boss new exactly what was wrong. It was Bambi; her mere presence!



Students of all ages were hard-pressed to keep their minds on what they were doing and their hands on the wheel. Bambi had to CAUTION them to STOP, LOOK and LISTEN more times than the driving manual called for. Still, only a few of them would YIELD.



Fortunately for Bambi, and us, one of her students was a photographer with an eye for feminine (as well as highway) curves. Next stop: modeling. What else? Guys still can't concentrate with her around, but at least they're not driving!

Her S.C.U.M. Manifesto (Society For Cutting Up Men) was her bible.

Warhol, she was told, might well be Satan in disguise, but for Valerie, he was a man, and that was reason enough to carry out her bizarre plan.



**VALERIE SOLANAS:
the SCUM girl
who shot
Andy Warhol**

MONTHS have passed now since mousy, man-hating Valerie Solanas casually pulled a pistol from her pocket and pumped a bullet into Andy Warhol. Andy, his sweetbreads scrambled by the single slug which ripped through his spleen, liver, esophagus and both lungs, miraculously recovered. He is back at work again at his Factory, looking more than ever like a tapioca mock-up of Tab Hunter, secure behind his velvet screen of superstars and sycophants who help him with his underground movies.

And Valerie, poor Valerie with her high IQ and low-cut shoes, is in a mental hospital, having been found more to be pitied than prosecuted. But the riddle remains: what happened inside her head to send her on her flight from the Factory to the funny farm?

And why would anyone shoot Andy?

"I guess she must be a very mixed-up girl," says Warhol in what must rank as the understatement of the underground year.

"Because he was there," guessed Ingrid Superstar, quoting Sir Edmund Hilary.

"Super-dike Shoots Ultra-bland," offered a Village type who might have made it as a headline writer for the Daily NEWS.

The pressure that 31-year-old Valerie applied to the trigger that day last summer began building up more than 20 years ago when Dorothy and Louis Solanas of Atlantic City, N.J., decided to divorce. Solanas, a bartender, disappeared from their lives and in 1949 the family moved to Washington, D.C., where Valerie's mom married a piano tuner, Edward (Red) Moran.

From the beginning, Moran has said since, he felt there was something "strange" about the eldest of his two step-daughters and it wasn't long before he became "anti-Valerie." Even at thirteen she was independent and a tomboy, scornful authority of any sort.

There were tantrums, attempts to run away from home and spells when Valerie carried on long solo conversations with herself while ironing clothes in the basement. At 15 she got involved with a sailor.

"Since then she's been pretty much against men," said someone who has known the family well. "Let's just say that the whole deal was taken care of by her parents."

She was a good student in her high school days at Oxon Hill in

Maryland, a Washington suburb, but one student recalls:

"Quite often Valerie was the brunt of jokes. Out of 87 girls in the class, she was the odd one, the loner. She was terribly bright and always decent. She kept to herself, but when she was provoked she would flare up. The boys picked on her and the girls ignored her."

Valerie went on to the University of Maryland with a letter of recommendation from her high school principal, Michael Harnick, who described her as "an exceptionally bright girl with lots of courage and determination . . . a highly responsible and dependable person, but lacks financial support at home."

In her junior or senior year, while maintaining a B average in psychology, she was asked to leave the women's dormitory "after creating a bit of minor hell" and took her own apartment off campus.

"She never talked about it," said a research assistant with whom she worked at the time in an experimental animal lab, "but I had the feeling she had been kicked around a bit. She was older, more mature and had seen the seamier side of life. She knew all the four-letter words. She didn't have that fresh-from-the-tub, hair-neatly-combed appearance, but she was pretty well put together, although she didn't wear skirts and sweaters like the other girls. She preferred shirts and jeans."

With a degree from Maryland, Valerie headed west to the University of Minnesota, where she got As and Bs as a graduate student in Psychology for a year and then abruptly dropped out. That was at the end of 1959 and for the next eight years she "made the scene" first at Berkeley in California, and then in the Village.

"By this time she was making some pretty strange scenes," says a bartender who knew her in her Village days. "I heard talk of prostitution, lesbianism, panhandling . . . name it. But she claimed she was a writer."

In 1957, holed up in a dingy room at the Chelsea Hotel—interim home for such literary lights as Thomas Wolfe, Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan—she started work on her magnum opus, the "S.C.U.M. Manifesto."

S.C.U.M. is the abbreviation for Valerie's ultra-feminist organization the Society For Cutting Up Men,

in which she lists 47 ways in which men have made the world "a garbage pail." Among the ills for which she blamed the male sex were war, fatherhood, suburban sprawl, air pollution and automation—everything but cold coffee and burnt toast.

She advocated ridding the world of men by "whatever means necessary" including goosing them with great gusto with an ice pick, so as to create "a swinging, groovy, out-of-sight female world."

She advertised her "Manifesto" in the Village Voice where they accepted the ad because they thought it was a joke and sold mimeographed copies of the 23,000-word treatise on the streets, \$1 to women, \$2.50 to men.

When not hawking her "Manifesto," Valerie worked on an anti-male play, which she titled "Up Your Ass" and when she had finished it she phoned Warhol to suggest that it might make a hell of an underground film.

"People try to trap me sometimes," Warhol said later. "This girl called up and offered me this film script. The title was so wonderful and I'm so friendly that I invited her to come up with it. It was so dirty I thought she must be a lady cop."


She left the script at the Factory and, from time to time, would drop by and try to put the bite on Warhol for an advance, although he had repeatedly expressed deep disinterest in the project. Finally, on one of her visits, Warhol offered her a small part (as a lesbian taunting a drunk on a staircase) in a film he was shooting called, "I, a Man."

Valerie became sort of a strange satellite in Warhol's world, orbiting among but never quite touching upon the superstars like Viva, Ultra Violet, Nico, Ingrid and International Velvet. They were all pretty far out, but she was something else.

During this period of trying to descend the ladder of underground movie success, Valerie met a man named Maurice Girodias, a fellow resident at the Chelsea and the owner of Olympia Press. She introduced herself as a writer and gave him copies of both the "Manifesto" and "Up" to read.

"She seemed like a bright girl and she isn't a bad writer," Girodias said, "and she seemed to be desperately in (continued p. 78)





I Found A Sex Lode In The "Want Ads"

Some typists only type, and a masseuse might rub you the wrong way, but sooner or later you should strike it rich!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT; the last place a swinging single would look for sex would be in the yellow pages of a telephone directory or the want ads in a newspaper—and yet—for the enterprising male who's tired of the usual hit-or-miss, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am relationships he encounters in dating bars, there's no better place. Not for quantity nor quality. Just let your fingers do the walking—the rest of you will need all the strength it can muster!

Granted, you're not going to find out-and-out solicitations (except in the underground press, of course) but if you try reading between the lines a little . . . you just might wind up between the sheets a lot!

Example: A bachelor friend, a nice guy, not kookie, but hip, not oversexed, but horny and heterosexual as all hell, picked up an underground newspaper. He checked the **PERSONAL NOTICES** column where creeps and cruds with every hang-up imaginable solicited the choicest (and some unsavory) cuts of someone else's body. OK, that's fine—for them. I mean, that's their bag, their own thing, let 'em have it. That particular brand of promiscuity just didn't appeal to . . . Charlie, we'll call him, OK? But Charlie reads the column anyway—for laughs; chuckle, chuckle!

Then, for no special reason, one day Charlie flipped the pages until the **SITUATIONS WANTED** column fell into view. With the curiosity born of a bachelor bent on seduction, he read, among much uninteresting trivia, the following:

Attractive, young, intelligent woman seeks part-time work evenings or weekends. Excellent secretary/steno/typist background. Call evenings or weekends.

Period. To anyone seeking a part-time secretary, that is. But Ol' Charlie-O wasn't, not unless she could or would take his kind of dictation lying down! But, though Charlie read on, he kept going

BY
RICHARD
LAMBERT

A Sex Lode in the "Want Ads"

back to that one ad. Why, he didn't know because he sure as hell didn't need nor could he afford a secretary. And then—the light! But, let Charlie tell it like it was:

"First of all, it kind of struck me... what the hell was she doing describing herself as *attractive*? What's that got to do with secretarial abilities, you know? It kept sticking in my mind. Everything else checked out as normal, I mean; *young* is OK so the guy will know she's not an old bag, and *intelligent* is OK, too in the same vein. That is: she can spell, right? As for the steno and typing talents, well, that's taken for granted. But why the hell the *attractive*? Unless... I decided to find out.

"Now, mind you, I didn't need a secretary, but I was willing to make up a cock and bull story. I called. She answered. She came to my place for an interview."

It was mentioned earlier that this mode of operation was for the enterprising. Charlie proved to be just that... and more.

"Now remember, her ad said *call in the evenings or on a weekend*. I called around 8 PM and she arrived at my place around ten. I'm not going to say she was the best built blonde I had ever seen; the tallest, the most beautiful, the sexiest, with the shortest mini-skirt that kept rising on her thighs. I'm not going to say that because she wasn't. She was a brunette! Man, she walked in that door and I nearly flipped my cool. Who the hell could keep his mind on dictation with her around?

"Anyway, I started thinking just as fast as my panting peanut brain could function without smoke coming out of my ears. I was polite and business-like; to-the-point and pleasant. It's amazing how well your imagination can work when it's absolutely imperative that it do a tremendous job. I was brilliant... if I do say so myself.

"We had a little chat, during which I learned that she couldn't work during the day because of other commitments which she would not disclose then, but she needed some extra money for which she was willing to work... as a secretary or something in that vein.

"Where the words came from, I still don't know. I know they came from me, out of my mouth, but I don't know where the hell they originated, because I sure as hell

never used them before. I suddenly got very soft and poetic, like, *unreal*, for me anyway. I mean, I started explaining that I was looking for a girl who could stay with me, stay by my side helping me to unleash those churning, chafing creations that demanded their freedom. Words, phrases, sentences that ached to be poems, that cried out to be stories; books that caused such havoc within my heart that if left unheeded, they would surely cause my demise. I would undoubtedly shrivel up and return to dust.

"Well, don't you know she was the most surprised woman in the world that night. She probably had had more than one proposition from guys looking to make her as well as dictate to her, and she wasn't on their trip. But, me? I was the last thing she had prepared herself for. And know what? It worked!

"We agreed on a nominal wage. She wasn't looking to get rich, just earn a little bread and occupy some of her lonely evening hours. So help me, I didn't make one pass at her. Nor did she jump and hump all over me. It was just one of those happy happenings where we both got together at the same time, you know? Like, she would come over at eight at night and I would be pacing the floor, searching, as it were, for a way to release the inhibitions that were suppressing my genius. I'd smoke a lot, drink a lot of coffee and pace up and down alongside her as she sat demurely, pad and pencil in hand, waiting for me to burst forth with gems of poetic insight. That was the first couple of nights.

On the third and fourth, she came a little earlier and had a sandwich with me and some coffee, watching me intently all the time. On the fifth and sixth nights, she came even earlier and prepared dinner for the two of us, talking a little more each time about herself, but always urging me to relax, to let the words flow out of me, that she would capture them. Man, it was beautiful.

On the seventh night, we rested! We had dinner and wine and a little candlelight. By now, she was absolutely certain that I was a profound, but untapped genius and she had convinced herself that she was a part of me, thankful to be in my presence. She never said that of course, but she sure as hell acted that way. And all because I had

merely memorized a few choice words and passages from some good, but obscure poems I had researched during the daytime and given to her at night, plus of course, a few original ones of my own choosing. She was hooked.

"She explained to me that she had a child by a former marriage (she was 24, by the way) and that she spent most of the day with the child and hired a governess for the evenings when the child mostly slept. She was really a sweet girl, all woman and sensitive, a really beautiful person. Actually, I got to like her as much as she did me. I mean, it wasn't just a balling I was after. This was something that could really turn out great. I don't mean marriage or any of that baloney, but a beautiful meaningful relationship.

"Anyway, that seventh night was the corker. She came dressed a bit more seductively than she used to. Her hair was done up as though she were going out, her makeup just right, her perfume slightly inviting and her décolletage more than just alluring. She cooked a great dish (scallops in sauterne), the candlelight was atmospheric and she took my hand midway through the meal. We barely finished it!

"You don't really want the dialogue that passed between us that night. Let it suffice that we simply rose from the table, hand in hand, merged our bodies, floated to the bedroom and made love. Sweet, and blissful, uncomplicated, no hang-ups love. Ambrosia from Mt. Olympus could not have been sweeter than her lips. Aphrodite could not have suggested more seductive stimuli and paradise could not have been more than an arm's length away.

"She still comes over to my place, though we actually parted months ago. I figured out that in the week she was there as a typist/steno or what-have-you, I spent a grand total of \$36.00. Had I gone to a dating bar that many nights I would have spent at least three times that amount and it wouldn't have been one-tenth as beautiful. We parted only because I told her I could not share my love, that I was too self-centered, too wrapped up in my own sense of creativity, that sooner or later, I would have to give up either her or my writings and that she would probably be the loser. Don't you think she just loved that? I mean, really, she thought that (continued p. 71)

FROM HAMBURG TO FILET MIGNON



Exciting Ilona Liska decided her hometown of Hamburg, Ger. was no place for a career-minded girl like herself.



If there's anyone more deserving of a rags to riches, or a hamburg to filet mignon story, we don't know who it is. But we know she can't be prettier.



At the age of 21, Ilona had a little money, a lot of talent and . . . well, you can see how she looks. That helped, too! She had no trouble securing her visa.

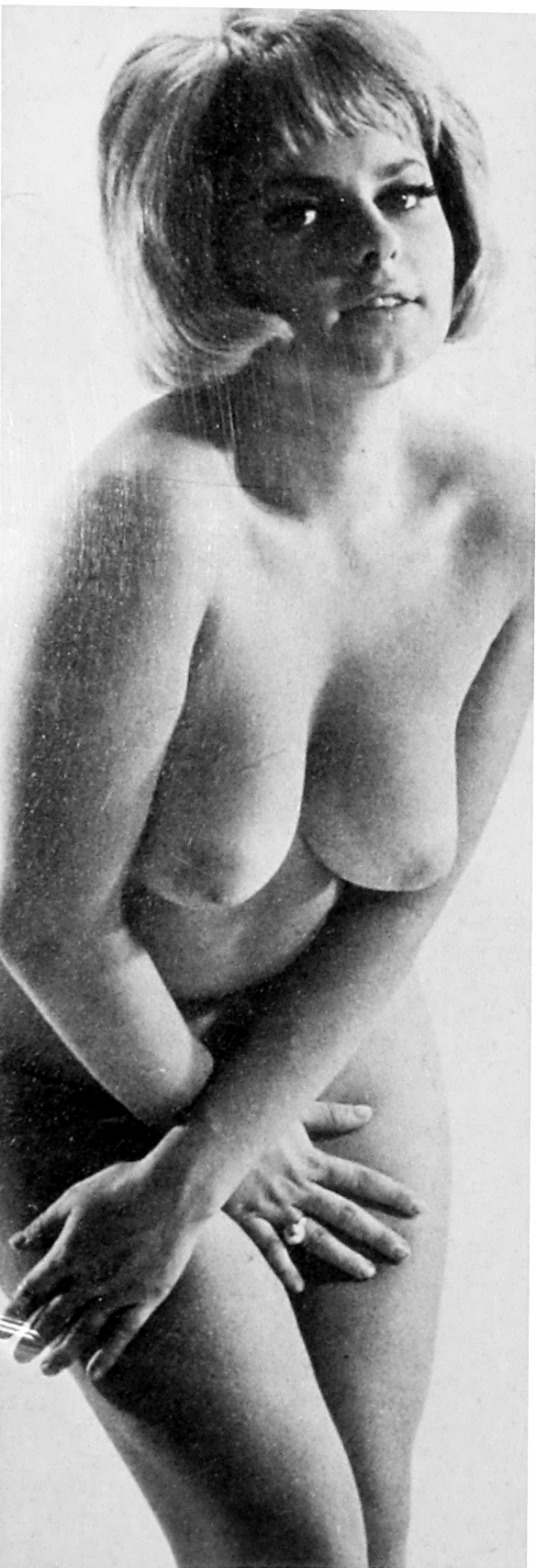


She arrived in New York City with only a couple of dollars to her name and a position as a maid awaiting her. Things looked a bit grim for a while, until . . .



See next page

It really seems like only in America can something like this actually happen. Less than one year ago, Ilona had only the clothes on her back. As you can see, she lost the clothes, but gained a wardrobe of wealthy admirers in the process. She appears well-suited to the change in climate.



A smart photographer with a sharp eye for a bit of thigh caught Ilona sitting on the ship's railing pondering her fate. Her picture made the newspapers and the newspapers made a big thing of her.



She lost her job as a maid two days later because too many guys were calling to take her out, to photograph her, to propose, etc. She's red hot as a top model and first on every playboy's list.



How To Win At Blackjack

**You won't break the bank at Monte Carlo
with this system, but you could conceivably leave
with much more cash than you walked in with.**

FROM a standpoint of cold mathematics there is only one game in Las Vegas where the house percentage against a knowledgeable player is less than 1%. That game is blackjack (or 21 as it is called in some areas). The mechanics of the game are relatively simple and well known to probably 95% of the readers of this article.

Briefly, the play consists of a dealer and from one to six players (six is the maximum number of players permitted at a table in the Las Vegas casinos). Initially, each of the players are dealt two cards face down. The dealer also gets two cards one of which is face up. Tens and face cards count ten. Aces count one or eleven. The other cards (one through nine) count their face value. After the initial two cards are dealt, players may then draw as many additional cards as they wish, after which the dealer may also take additional cards. The object of the game is to get as close as possible without exceeding 21 and attain a higher total count than

the dealer. Should the player (who draws first) go over 21 he loses or "busts" regardless of what the dealer may later do.

Las Vegas rules vary slightly from one casino to the other but generally require that the dealer hit all totals of 16 or less and stand on totals of 17 or more. Blackjack (21 in two cards) pays odds of three to two to the player, but not to the dealer. A player may also split any pair or double his bet after looking at his initial two cards *providing* he turns the cards up and takes a single additional card, face down. At most casinos the minimum bet is \$1; the maximum bet \$500.

Before going further it seems appropriate to point out that if you are among the small percentage of people who have never played blackjack you will probably do well to confine your gambling activities to the slot machines or crap tables—at least until you can log some blackjack hours at home play. For while the house odds are estimated at slightly over one-half of one-per-

cent against a skillful player the percentage builds up to as much as 25% when a player with only a superficial knowledge of the game attempts to pit his wits against a professional dealer. It is because of this that blackjack remains one of the biggest money makers at virtually all casinos despite the razor thin house edge which can frequently be overcome by skillful play and a proper system of money management.

In attempts to overcome the house edge numerous systems have been devised, most of which have some merit and some of which have enabled skillful players to acquire consistent winnings over long periods of time. About this time I can hear someone inquire: "If it is possible to beat the house how do the casinos stay in business?" This is a fair question and the answer is obvious to anyone who has watched blackjack played (or perhaps the word is misplayed) at any casino on the Las Vegas Strip. It is absolutely appalling to watch the

number of people with no real knowledge of the game who each day sit at the tables betting from five to fifty dollars on the turn of a card. With few exceptions the dealer's chances of winning against this calibre of play are as sure as the withholding tax deduction on your next paycheck. Yet despite this the pigeons continue to flock to the tables. And if among them there are a few players skillful enough to skim a few spoonsful of this enormous take from the top of the barrel the casino operators are ready and willing to charge off this relatively minor expenditure to

the advertising value that is acquired each time a winner walks away from the tables.

Obviously since any reasonable chance of winning at blackjack is contingent, to a great degree, upon knowing when, and when not, to draw, the first thing a player must learn is to be able to assess his chances against the dealer for any given set of circumstances. To do this the following table has been prepared to insure that you are playing in a manner designed to reduce the house percentage to less than 1% when you encounter a normal run of luck.

IF YOU HOLD	AND THE DEALER'S FACE UP CARD IS	YOU SHOULD
17-18-19-20-21	Anything	Stand
16	2-3-4-5-6-7-8	Stand
16	9-10-J-Q-K-A	Draw
12-13-14-15	7-8-9-10-J-Q-K-A	Draw
12-13-14-15	2-3-4-5-6	Stand
*Soft 14-15-16-17	5-6	Double Down
11	2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9	Double Down
10	2-3-4-5-6-7-8	Double Down
9	4-5-6	Double Down
Pair of aces	Anything	Split
Pair of eights	2-3-4-5-6-7	Split
Pair of sevens	2-3-4-5-6	Split

Never split any pair except aces, eights, or sevens.
 *"Soft" totals consist of a hand including an ace (i.e.: A-4, Total 5 or 15).

By following the basic mechanics noted above, you, the player, will reduce the house percentage to a bare minimum. It will not, of course, insure that you will win. Your method of betting and luck will determine this. Furthermore, even a house percentage of less than 1% will, with a normal run of luck, wear you down by attrition over a period of time.

It therefore becomes necessary to devise some means whereby, in addition to playing like an expert, you can overcome the house percentage and shade the odds just a bit in your favor. Bear in mind you don't need a big edge. All you want to do is to work the odds just a bit in your direction. If you can do this, theoretically at least, you are then operating on the principle which built Las Vegas into a billion dollar a year industry.

One such system which attained considerable popularity several years ago centers around the undeniable premise that since cards which have already been played are "burned" until such time as a deck is reshuffled, a player with a reten-

tive memory can, by remembering which cards have been played, determine after approximately half the deck has been used, whether or not the odds favor a player win. The amount bet can then be increased. For example since blackjack (an ace and a ten or face card) pays three to two odds for the player, but not for the dealer, in the event all four aces were still in the deck, after say, thirty cards had been played, a substantial increase in the amount of the bet would be in order. Similarly, since the dealer, but not the player *must* draw to 16 or less, a preponderance of fours and fives played during the first twenty or thirty cards would increase considerably the dealers chance of a "bust" and also shade the odds in favor of the player.

By increasing the amount of their bet when the odds favor the player, followers of this method have apparently done so well that virtually all casinos in Las Vegas have recently initiated the policy of using two decks. In fact at both the Fremont and the Frontier I

recently observed dealers operating with four decks from a shoe as is done in the European casinos. Either of these methods, of course, reduces the effectiveness of card counting unless a player were to enter a game equipped with a data processing machine—a policy which the casino operators would no doubt frown upon.

Many of the successful blackjack players appear to favor some form of progressive betting system. Progressive betting differs from a "double up" system which is generally regarded as impractical, since a run of any consequence on the part of the dealer will result in the loss of a prohibitive amount of money. The win factor in progressive betting centers around the theory that winning streaks in blackjack, as in various other games, appear to run in cycles. This is true for both the house and the player. Because of this when a player gradually increases bets during a winning cycle for the house, he is, in effect, priming the game to a degree that when, and if, the cycles changes he will be betting larger sums during the player's cycle than he was during the dealer's cycle. When playing this method the important thing to guard against is to set a limit on the amount you are prepared to lose. Otherwise the dealer can wipe you out should he encounter a phenomenal run of luck.

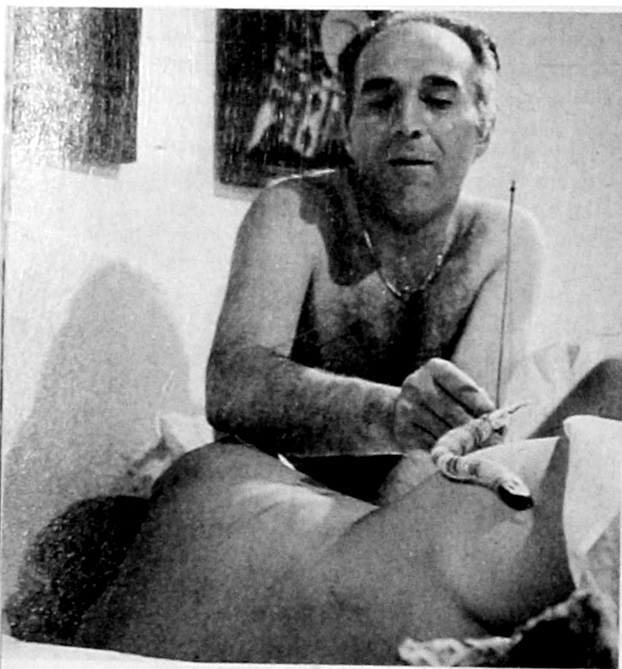
Many forms of progressive betting are presently being used in both Las Vegas and Reno. The method I have used with considerable success involves the purchase of \$50 worth of chips prior to entering a game. Starting off with an initial bet of \$1, you increase your bet each time you lose in the following sequence: \$1, \$2, \$4, \$6, \$9, \$12, \$16. Should the dealer win all of the first seven hands dealt (which is extremely unlikely but by no means impossible) you have lost your \$50 and are wiped out. In this event get up, go to the bar, have a drink, and come back another day.

What is more likely to happen, however, is that the dealer will win a few and you'll win a few. Each time you win you should continue to bet the same amount you bet on the winning hand until you lose; after which you revert to the original \$1 bet and start over again. There is one important thing you must remember (continued p. 68)

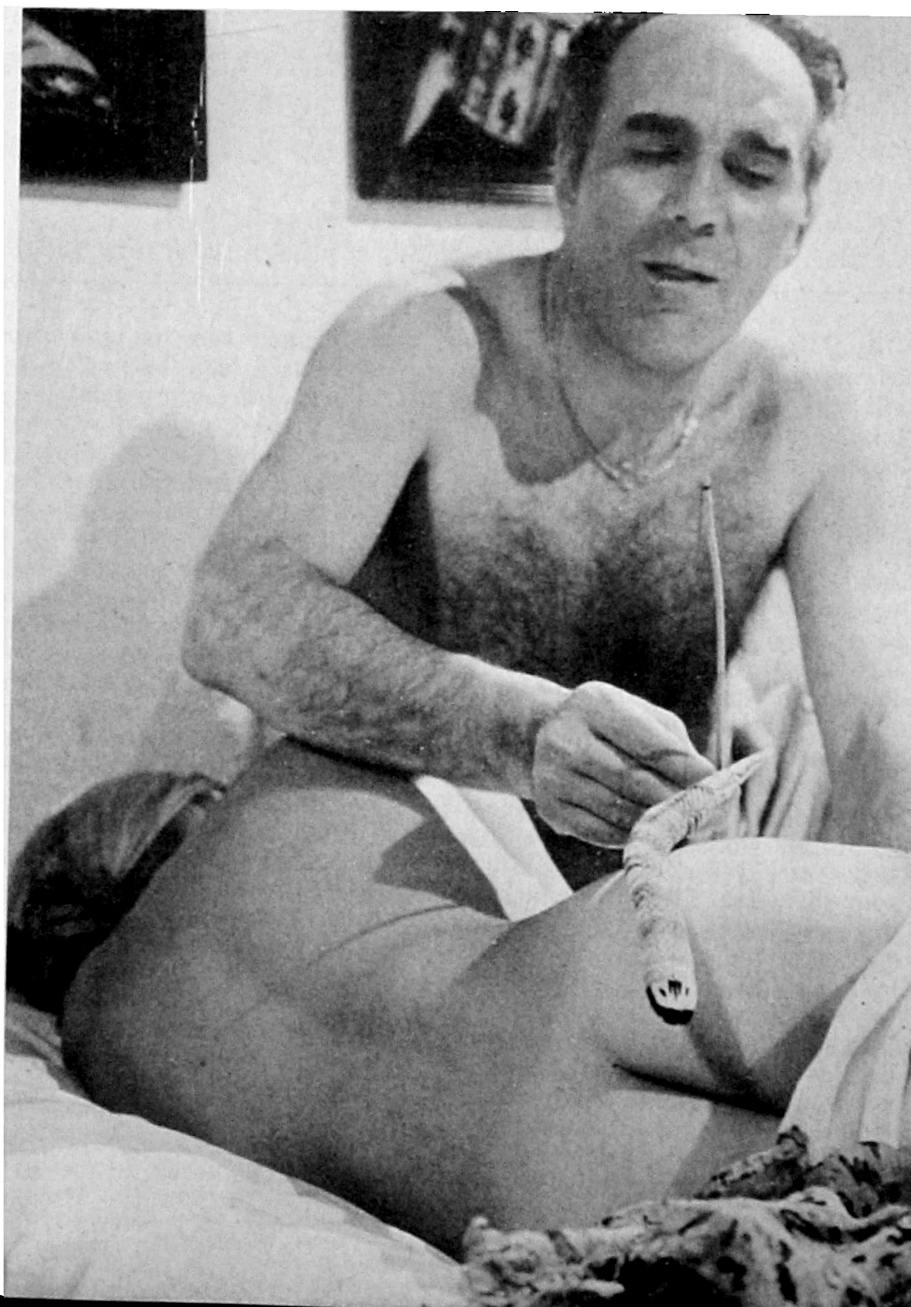


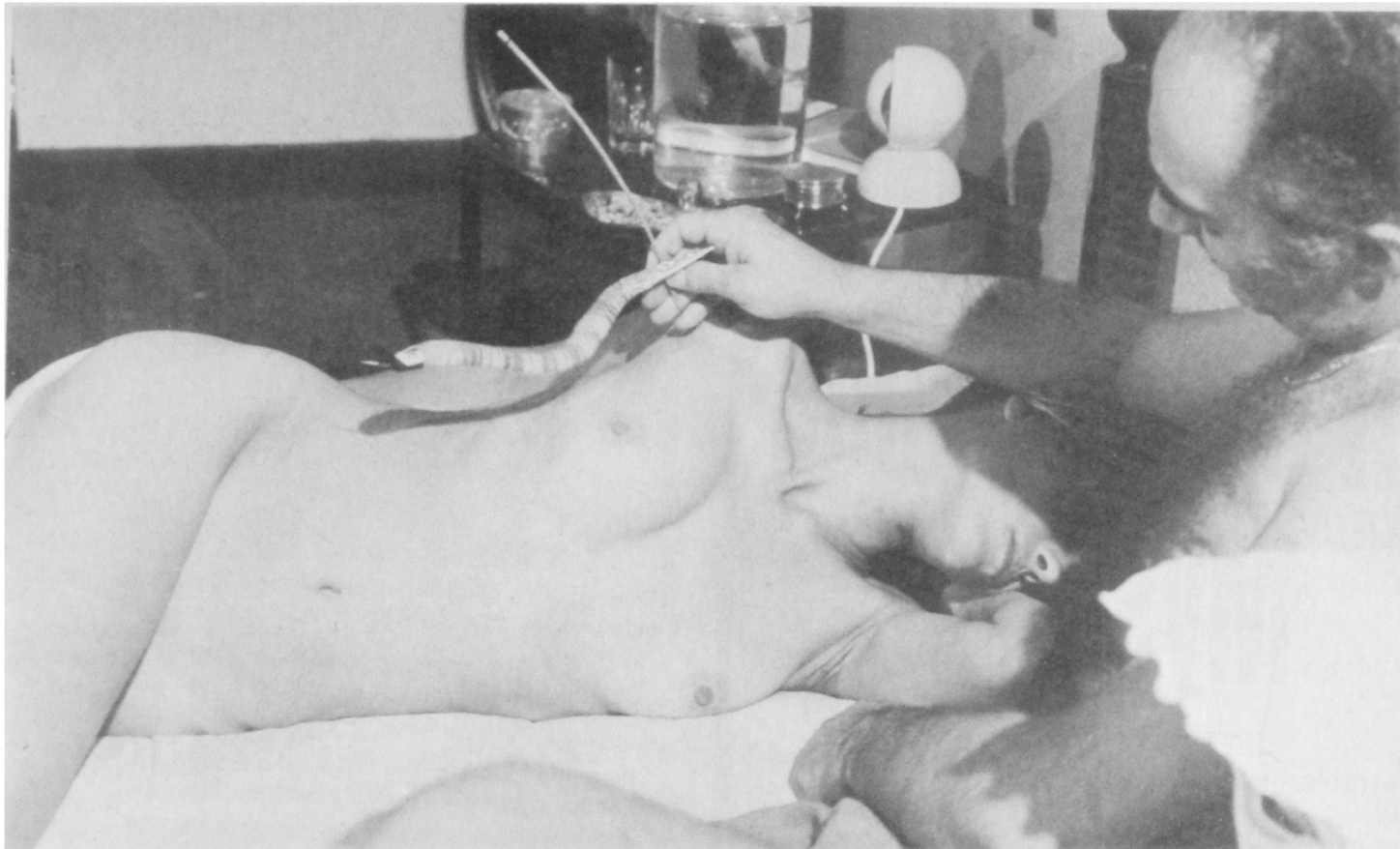
What Will They Think of Next?

With country after country vying for top honors with sex in the cinema, you'd think there could be no new way of doing it without going overboard. Italy's latest attempt may do just that. And for no reason, it's called "Dillinger."



There's no doubt in anyone's mind that the producers and those involved with the film are trying to attract the public's attention. We bet they won't come up snake eyes!

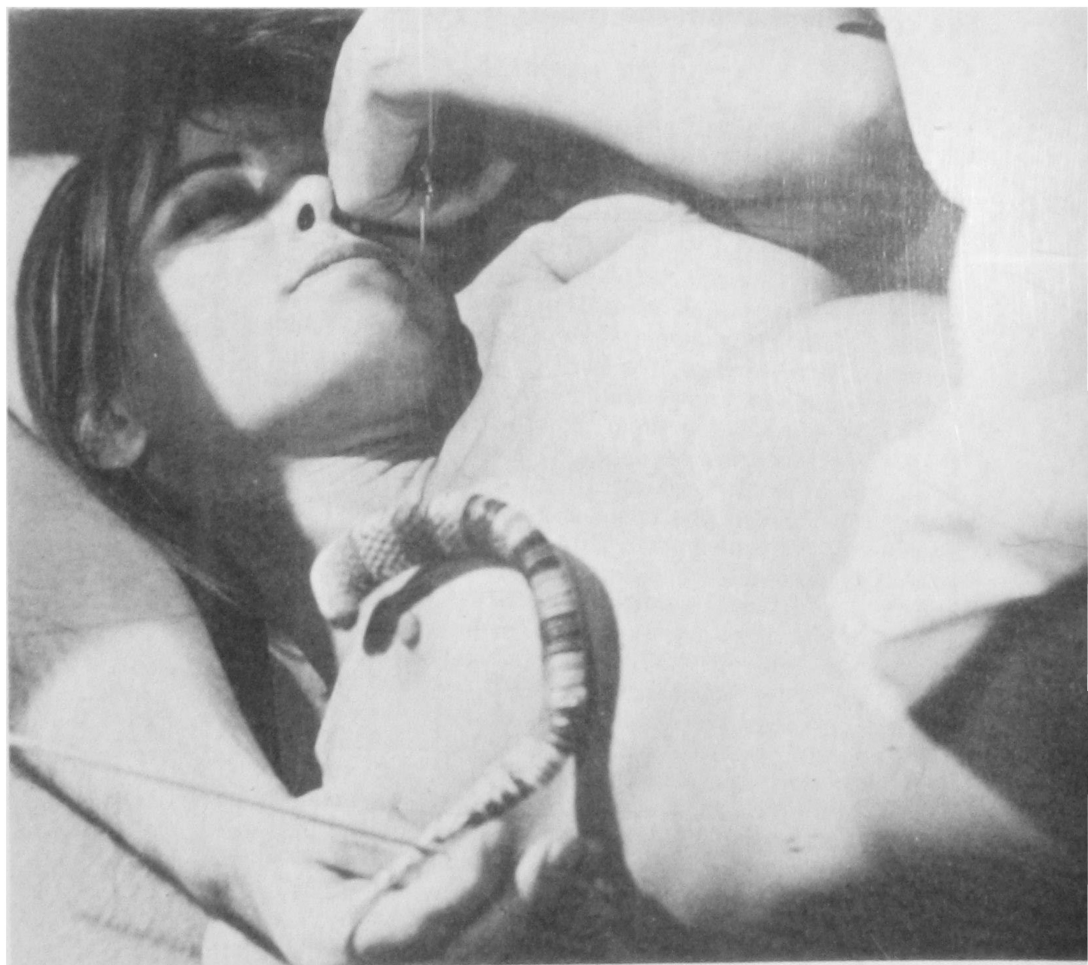




Anita Pallemberg doesn't seem to mind the slithering advances of Michael Piccoli, her co-star. She's had similar ones before.

The film has nothing to do with Dillinger; it takes place in Rome, Italy, not Chicago and has little whatever to do with cops and robbers, Roaring Twenties style. It does have one helluva lot to do with sex, though. Ordinarily, that would not raise any eyebrows unnecessarily, but the way it is portrayed in Marco Ferreri's film . . . well, you really have to see it to believe it. We can only give you some ideas with these accompanying stills.

Anita Pallemberg and Michael Piccoli are oldtimers when it comes to sexercises on the celluloid. Michael recently finished an appearance with Catherine Deneuve in "La Chamade" and Anita did her own thing in "Barbarella" and "Candy." But this latest venture has all the earmarks of being a far-out "goodie". It's done in abstract, but few will fail to get the realistic sexy message. ●



Anita and Michael are old pros at making love before the cameras. The use of a snake is a new twist to an old approach. Remember the Garden of Eden, Adam?

LOOK MA, NO BRA!

A Lusty Peek at the Feminine Mystique

You think men's and women's fashions are too much? You think clothes look more and more like costumes? Wait, the breast is yet to come!

BY PETER HERMAN

RUDI GERNREICH originally called his topless swimsuit a joke. Vance Packard acknowledged that the increasing exposure in everyday attire was one of the significant facts of life in the sixties. Yves St. Laurent, Norman Norell and Geoffrey Beene are just a few of the famous designers advocating a see-through peek in women's fashions. With names like that on a label, women are flocking to stores handling their creations and most middle-class moralities are relaxed long enough for them to wear (at least once in their lives) a daring transparent blouse without benefit of bra or body stocking. It is something to behold!

But if you think the trend is going to stop there, or even let up for that matter, think again, for most large cosmetics companies are now manufacturing a line of body makeup for decorating one's breast or belly button; *both*, if they are exposed. Yardley already puts out a new line of "body scents" called "Khadine" fashioned after the style of 11th century Persia. Models in Yardley's advertising campaigns are shown with breasts painted blue, in some instances. Navels and abdomens are also in . . . that is, *out* and are given the same brush stroke treatment with makeup.

Oddly enough, the bra and corset manufacturers are not overly concerned with fashion's latest trend. "Very few women have the bosom of a Botticelli," a buyer for Bloomingdale's in New York, said.

Husbands and boyfriends, not to mention the next door neighbor, are concerned, however. Most men will not permit their wives or girl friends to wear the



One of Dr. Swartley's peek-a-boo creations. Needless to say, nothing is worn underneath.

The nude look is not so new to the Greenwich Village habitué. Say, that's some Saranwrap!



transparencies, though they admire them on other women. And other women usually deride the daring femme who arrives at a party with a see-through sensation. But, it hasn't hurt business any.

Not too long ago, Dr. William Swartley, a psychologist at the Self-Analysis Training Institute in Philadelphia, designed a gown for women equipped with snaps, a button or two and Velcro. The object being that it could be removed at a moment's notice if necessary. Dr. Swartley called them Aphrotic Gowns (a combination of Aphrodite and Eros) and said they were fashioned to "promote love-making between husband and wife."

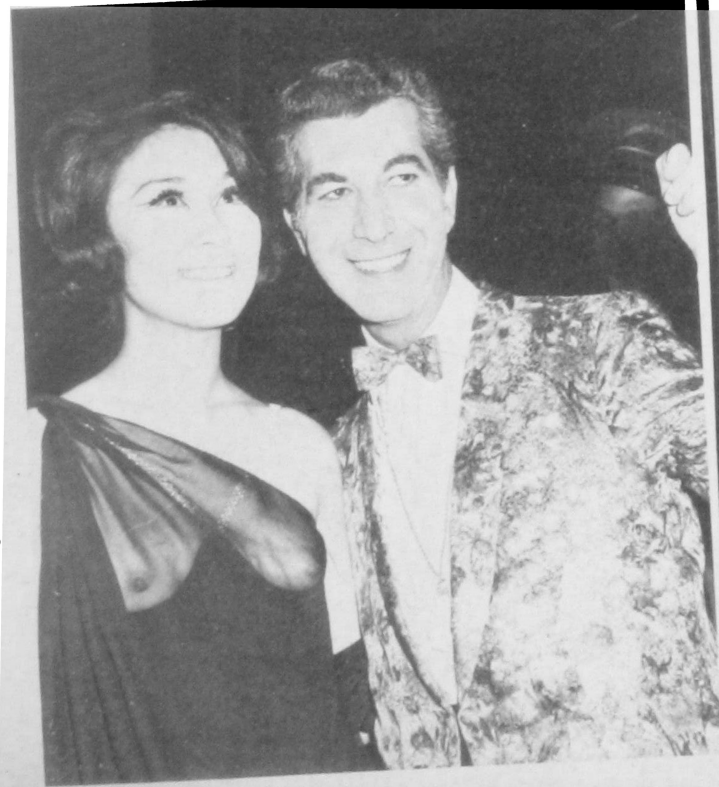
"I felt that as a culture, we were stuck in the Victorian era," Dr. Swartley said. "I'm ready to get out and I thought I'd make gowns for anyone else ready to get out."

Well, evidently there were many many women more than ready to get out. Dr. Swartley's gowns, though not terribly best sellers, did help the see-through trend in its own circuitous way, though. His snap-away gown, it goes without saying, was to be worn with nothing underneath, and since there were so many other, perhaps more well-known designers advocating "nothing underneath" fashions, women began getting the idea that it must be OK since so many were doing it, right? Safety and logic in numbers. That's a feminine motto if ever there was one!

And, as though that weren't enough, men have decided they're going to get into the act. Some of today's clothes are wild but evidently not wild enough for a manufacturer is coming out with a line of see-through suits for men. You heard it right: see-through suits!

Well folks, where do we go from here? Most of all, what do we see when we get there???

Miss Rose Fang, escorted by famed fashion designer, Mr. Blackwell, cools it with her eye-catching evening gown.



Sketch depicts Dr. Swartley's creation, "En Garde." A woman would have to be on guard wearing this teaser

Man's answer to transparencies: the see-through suit. But they must wear something underneath!



NO MIS-CUE HERE



Melody Rye handles a pool cue like a professional, but it's no surprise to those who know her. The only girl in a family of nine, she had plenty of teachers.



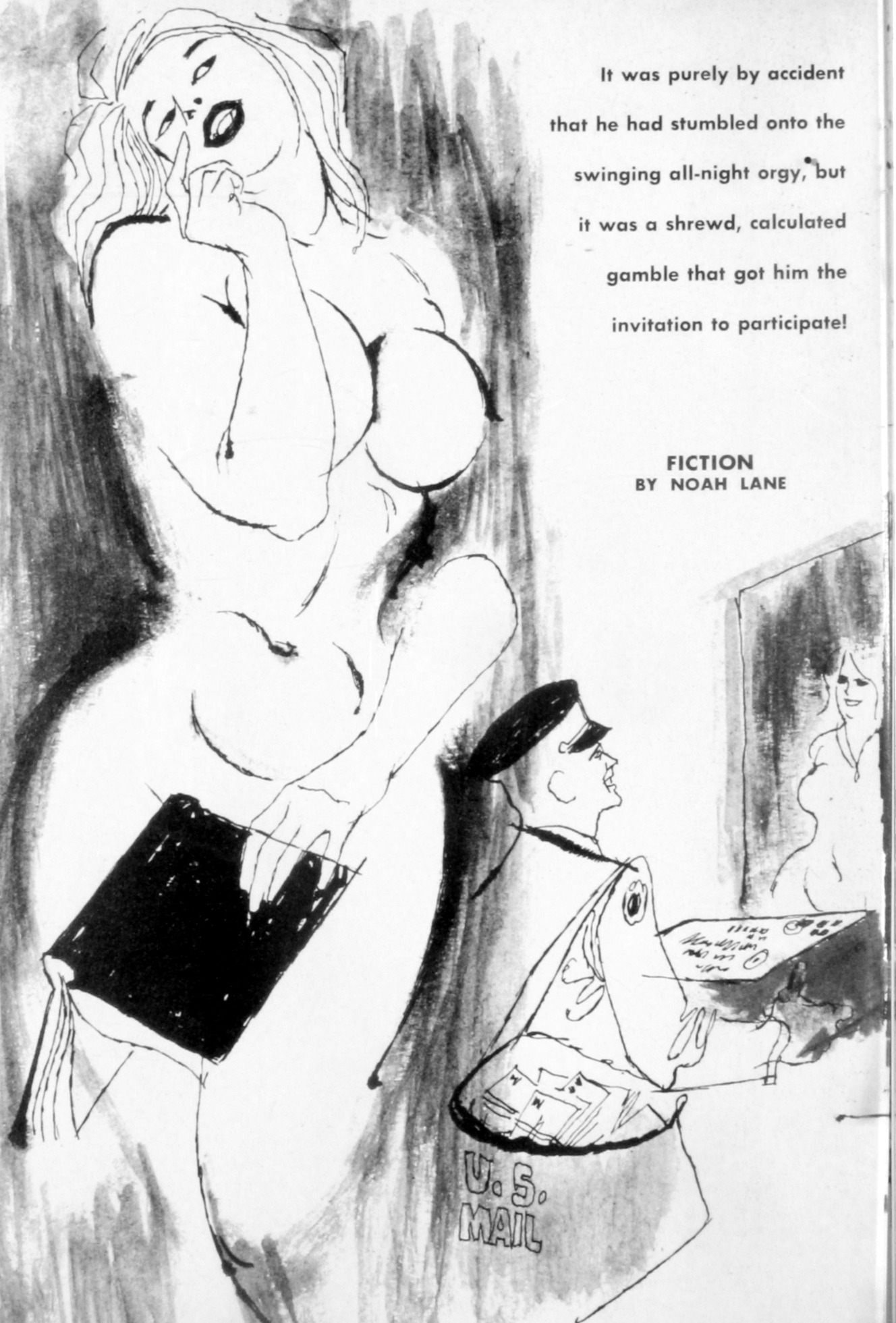
Melody hails from a very small town in Iowa. She didn't care much for playing with dolls and such, so she used to don her younger brother's knickers and take to the pool hall with the others. After awhile it became obvious she was a girl, but it was too late; she could already whip any guy in the joint. Now, she says, none of the guys want to play with her!

**She can put a man behind the eight ball or in
her corner pocket with a little body English!**



It was purely by accident
that he had stumbled onto the
swinging all-night orgy, but
it was a shrewd, calculated
gamble that got him the
invitation to participate!

FICTION
BY NOAH LANE



A Very Special Delivery

THE LIVING ROOM had one of those long L-shaped sectional sofas and a naked dark-haired girl was on one branch of the L, a naked blonde on the other. A girl wearing only panties was sitting in one of the upholstered chairs with her head resting on the chair arm, sound asleep and snoring gently. Another girl was curled in the center of the floor, curled in the ageless foetal position that some adults assume when asleep, and another girl was curled in a corner, sound asleep. The one in the corner had covered herself with a pile of clothing and it was difficult to see what position she was in since only her head was visible. Her lips were slightly apart and she was half-smiling in her sleep as if having a pleasant dream.

A table was covered with an assortment of empty bottles and glasses. Ashtrays were overflowing with cigarette butts. Feminine articles of clothing such as panties, bras, slips, nylons, skirts and garter belts were scattered everywhere. A casual observer might have gotten the impression it had been an *impromptu orgy*; you know, one of those unplanned orgies that simply evolves sometimes when you have a party.

One of the girls yawned. I tried to see which one it was but the yawn stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Looking at each of the girls, they all seemed to be absolutely motionless. I wondered what I should do—wait until one of them finally awakened or go to one of them and shake her. I couldn't wait all morning I had work to do.

I glanced at my wristwatch. It was the only article of clothing I was wearing—and decided I'd wait another ten minutes. I went to the pack of cigarettes on the telephone stand, took one of the cigarettes, wandered around the room until I found a pack of matches and lit the cigarette. I wandered around the room again, puffing on the cigarette, studying each of the girls. They were all beauties, but the dark-haired one on the sofa was the best of the lot; I decided to use her.

I shook her. She yawned and opened her eyes. She stared up at me, frowning. I said, "Good morning."

"Good morning." She closed her eyes, yawned again and stretched her arms far above her head. She stretched her legs and her feet struck the blonde's head—the blonde on the other branch of the L-shaped sofa. The blonde half-opened her eyes, saw the naked foot that had struck her, uttered something unprintable, squirmed further away from the foot, and seemed to drift off to sleep again. "What time is it?" the dark-haired girl asked me.

"Ten o'clock."

"That late? God. How long were we going?"

"Three or four in the morning." I guessed.

She shifted to a sitting position on the sofa, rubbed her forehead and then pressed a hand against her stomach. "Not bad," she commented.

"What's not bad?"

"I don't feel too bad. I didn't drink too much. I know I was a little high but I still didn't drink as much as the others. Now I've got just a teeny headache and a teeny butterfly." She patted her stomach when she said *teeny butterfly*. She glanced around the room, went on, "They'll be sick as dogs. They always are. They always drink too much. No control . . . you know?"

"I know," I said sagely, glancing at the array of naked and half-naked girls, the empty bottles.

The girl's eyes narrowed as she studied me. I guess I presented something of a picture: standing there bright-eyed and calmly smoking a (continued p. 81)

"PRINCE OF EXECUTION-
ERS and Maestro of the Gal-
lows," they called him. His name
was James Berry, the Englishman
who wrote the hangman's bible en-
titled "My Experience as an Exe-
cutioner"—a scientific work which
confirms the fact that nothing can
equal the enthusiasm of the true
artist.

In it he describes how, after re-
peated experiments on both animals
and condemned men, he discovered
that a three-quarter inch rope of
five strands of Italian hemp was
the perfect rope for hanging. New-
ton or Einstein discovered nothing
more monumental.

With the humility of true great-
ness Berry wrote: "My method of

execution is the outcome of the
experience of my predecessors and
myself aided by suggestions from
the doctors, and is the result of
gradual growth rather than the
invention of any one man."

The story of Mr. Berry's life was
that of the local boy who made
good. Gifted by nature, success did
not come his way easily. When he
first applied for the post of Brit-
ain's public executioner, 1,399 other
ambitious men also wanted the job.

That first application failed, but
Berry didn't give up. He wrote
one hundred and fifteen more ap-
plications for the same job—one
a day—and at last sheer persist-
ence paid off. Berry was given the
opportunity to hang his first man.

A few years later his place in
hanging was comparable to that of
Bach in music. Consider the glow-
ing testimonial he received quite
early in his career from Dr. James
Barr, Medical Officer of Kirkdale
Prison. Proudly Berry quoted this
in full when writing his gallows
masterpiece.

*1, St. Domingo Grove,
Everton, Liverpool.*

Sir:-

*In compliance with your request
I have the pleasure in giving you
a certificate as to the manner in
which you conducted the execution
of Peter Cassidy in H. M. Prison,
Kirkdale. I may now repeat the
statement which I gave in evidence
at the inquest, "that I have never*

**ARTICLE
BY ROBERT CARSE**

Maestro Of The Gallows

**In the old days, they simply hauled the victim up by the rope around
his neck while his friends tugged at his heels. But this man brought
a sense of artistic duty to an occupation that was artless at best.**

*seen an execution more satisfac-
torily performed." This was very
gratifying to me.*

*Your rope was of excellent qual-
ity; fine, soft, pliable and strong.
You adjusted the ring directly for-
ward in the manner which I have
recommended in my pamphlet "Ju-
dicial Hanging." You gave a suffi-
cient length of drop, considering
the weight of the culprit, and com-
pletely dislocated the atlas and axis
(first and second vertebrae).*

*The pinioning and other details
were carried out with due decorum,
satisfying my hope that whoever
be appointed to the post of public
executioner may be prohibited also
performing the part of a showman,
to gratify a depraved and morbid
public curiosity.*

**JAMES BARR, M.D.
Medical Officer
H.M. Prison,
Kirkdale, Lancs.**

Mr. Berry, puffed with pride,
omits to say in his masterpiece
whether he had this testimonial
framed and hung on the wall along-
side his grandfather's photograph.

But he was a great stickler for
doing the right thing. For instance,
there was the important matter of
precedence during the period im-
mediately before a hanging.

"When we enter the condemned
cell," he teaches, "the chaplain is
already there, and has been for
some time. Two attendants, who
have watched the convict's last
nights on earth are also present.
At my appearance the convict takes

leave of his attendants, to whom
he generally gives some little token
or keepsake.

"As soon as the pinioning is
done, a procession is formed, gen-
erally in the following order:

Chief Warder

Warder Warder

Chaplain

Warder Convict Warder

Warder Executioner Warder

Governor and Sheriff

Wand Bearer Wand Bearer

Gaol Surgeon and Attendant.

Berry always stressed that the
matter which required most atten-
tion at an execution was the allow-
ance of a suitable drop for each
person executed.

"The adjustment of this matter
is not nearly so simple as an out-

sider would imagine," he points out. "It is, of course, necessary that the drop should be of sufficient length to cause instantaneous death. That is to say, to cause death by dislocation rather than by strangulation. On the other hand the drop must not be so great as to outwardly mutilate the victim . . . In the earliest days of hanging it was the practice of the executioner to place his noose round the victim's neck, and then to haul upon the other end of the rope (which was passed through a ring in the scaffold pole) until the culprit was

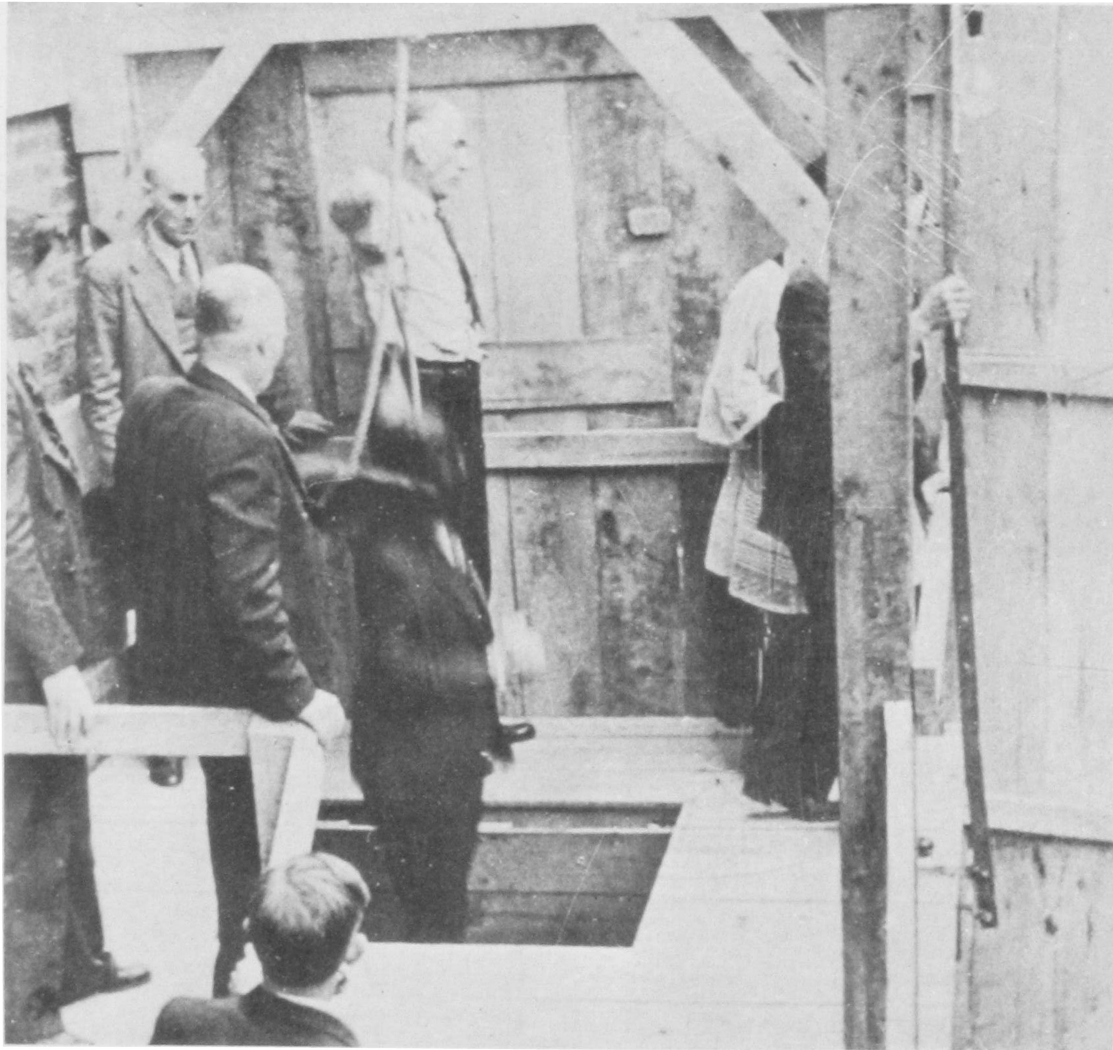
strangled without any drop at all." You can see that Mr. Berry's delicate feelings were hurt by such lack of artistry. In those rude days, incidentally, you asked your friends, if you had any, to haul on your heels.

James Berry worked out a hangman's table. He took a 14 stone (196 lb.) man as a standard with a drop of 8 ft., and calculated that every reduction of half a stone (7 lbs.) in weight would require an increase of 2 inches in the drop.

This worked very well until one day he had an experience which he

describes as "awful," and which caused him to "reconsider the whole subject and to construct a general table on what I believe to be a truly scientific basis."

The man with whom the tiresome trouble occurred was Robert Goodale, whom Berry executed at Norwich Castle. He weighed 15 stone (210 lbs.) and Berry worked out from his first table that normally the drop would be 7 ft. 8 in. "But in consequence of this man's appearance," he writes blithely, "I reduced it to 5 ft. 9 in., because the muscles of his neck did not ap-



pear well developed and strong.

"But even this, as it turned out, was not short enough, and the result was one of the most horrible mishaps I have ever had."

Goodale's head was torn from his body and the Maestro of the Gallows had to hang his own head in shame.

Nobody, however, accused him of botching the job. In fact quite the opposite happened, and the prison surgeon comforted him with the words that "accidents will hap-

pen, and you must not blame yourself."

The Maestro had one more notable failure he was very silent about. It involved the infamous John Lee, "the man they could not hang." Some thought it was divine intervention that saved Lee from Berry's expert hand, yet there was not a shred of doubt about his guilt. He had lived in sin with an old woman who owned a little property. Sure that she had left everything to him in her will, he killed

her. A macabre tragedy then began.

Berry exercised all his hangman's artistry three times on John Lee, and each time the murderer survived. At the first attempt the flaps, when the bolts were drawn, refused to drop. Lee was taken back to his cell, and the Governor of Exeter prison ordered a bag of cement equal to Lee's weight to be placed on the flaps.

The flaps opened immediately the bolts were withdrawn!

Two more (continued p. 77)

Pick Your Own Dream-Gal Queen for



If you're fond of voluptuous women, Dotty Rodney should be to your liking. She works for a large ad agency and admits—it's what's up front that counts!



[]

Ruth Halberson, blonde, blue-eyed beauty from Sweden is an airlines stewardess and part-time model/actress. She is also just the right companion you should fly united with.



[]

Over on your left, demure Dianna Carton is a package of sheer perfection who loves the outdoors. She especially enjoys the hiking and camping out which keep her in great shape, she says.

'69 . . .

Here they are, come and get 'em! Select the one you like best and cast your vote.



Kathy Rhine (above) likes to practice her yoga whenever she can. This is known as the Cobra position. Striking isn't it? Kathy's a Phys Ed major in a western college.



[]

This little lass with all the flower power is Jane Barker, a pert young colleen from Cork County, Ireland. She'll have you chasing moonbeams and leprechauns if you're not careful.



[]

Girl watchers are liable to pop their peepers when spying curvaceous Janice Pitney. She's another outdoor buff who likes to throw her clothes and caution to the four winds.

See next page

Here's your chance to have your own personal choice for '69.



Any man worth his masculine appeal is bound to fall for Lisa Fall, in more ways than one. Lisa is an assistant to a judo instructor who taught her some holds just in case. But don't let that throw you. A "Fall" guy in this case is a real winner.

Barbara Allison's a girl with a multitude of talents. She can sew, cook, keep house, maintain a balanced budget. Barbara was an Economics major in college and kept up her studies even though she became a model soon after. She'd be so nice to come home to.



Brigitte Enger is one of Europe's most sought after starlets. Producers and directors have been clamoring for her services ever since they spotted her in a small role in a Cannes Film Festival entry. The exposure she received there is similar to the one you're viewing here. You can see why she's so popular.



Send in your vote and we'll show more of her in future issues.

Sweet Susan Burney is a gal with a head for figures and a figure that's certain to get her ahead. Right now she's lending her statistics to one of the larger brokerage houses in New York City. Susan would be an asset anywhere.



Last, but obviously not least is Patty Lawry, a paragon of pulchritude calculated to drive men out of their everloving minds. This is one of the few times you'll catch her just lying around. Patty's a tennis buff. Her motto: LOVE—ALL!



Whose Sex Drive Is Stronger— Yours or Hers?

Do you get more hungry than
she does? More thirsty? Do
you get a bigger bang out of
living each day to its fullest?
Then why do you think you
need sex more than she does?





ONE OF THE FIRST luxuries man has to relinquish to present times is the double standard. It's gone, vanished, kapooie, kaput! It is no more. And in its place; confusion, chaos, sometimes even contempt. Now is the single standard, the emancipated woman, the free-loving, swinging contemporary uninhibited female who supposedly can carry off an affair as easily as her male counterpart was wont to carry on. You'll notice the key word: *supposedly*. For that's as far as her emancipation has gotten her. She is *supposed* to be able to do all these things now that Freud and followers have given her freedom. They would have done her a much better service giving her something of value.

Prior to this psychoanalytic freedom, woman was a contented sort; a fairly sane, sensible, uncomplicated animal with a modicum of noticeable sexual needs and a maximum of domestic talents. It is no great revelation to say that the circumstances have reversed themselves and that woman is now (according to any pocket-book psychiatrist you can find on the newsstand) a complex bundle of sexual ganglia and a handful of thumbs around the house.

One comprehensive example of a Victorian view of femininity was offered by William Acton, a nineteenth-century specialist on sex. "I should say that the majority of women (happily for society) are not very much troubled with sexual feeling of any kind. Love for her husband and a wish to gratify his passion, and in some women the knowledge that they would be deserted for courtezans (sic) if they did not waive their own inclinations, may induce the indifferent, the passionless to admit the embrace of their husbands. As a general rule, a modest woman seldom requires any sexual gratification for herself. She submits to her husband's embraces, but principally to gratify him: and were it not for the desire of maternity, would far rather be relieved from his attentions. No nervous or feeble young man need, therefore, be deterred from marriage by the exaggerated notion of the arduous duties required from him. Let him be well assured on my authority, backed by the judgment of man, that the married woman has no desire to be placed on the footing of a mistress."

Let it be written that Mr. Acton

also felt that too much sexual intercourse was detrimental to a man's physical and mental vigor.

But, let us not confine the Victorian principle to England. Rather, let us expand and allow it expression right here at home, where it most certainly flourished, perhaps with even more freedom than abroad. Sex was most definitely a taboo subject where women were concerned throughout most of their lives. Especially during and after the founding of America. After all, we did originally leave England on religious principle and religion held no quarter about condemning sexual pleasures. Women who responded to sexual stimulation, whether married or not, were made to feel like prostitutes, ashamed and guilt-ridden. If they had any feelings or frustrations, they learned to quell them quickly lest they be discovered. Soon, the feelings were suppressed so deeply they no longer seemed to exist. Ignorance then was bliss.

For the men it was a most advantageous era. The double standard offered them varied and constant pleasures of the skin. As long as they kept their women in a motherly way, they felt self-righteous enough to go out and expend their erotic lusts on mistresses or prostitutes, whichever was the preference of the individual. Women, of course, were kind of brainwashed into thinking that is was a natural condition for all concerned. Anything was better than being called *slatternly*, *slut*, *harlot*, *strumpet*, etc. Lord, how insane those invectives seem today!

The times were indeed good. The men revelled in their freedoms and the women wandered in the dark with their inhibitions. The women probably didn't know what they were missing, consequently, they weren't missing anything.

Well then, wouldn't you know someone would come along and upset old Adam's apple? Wouldn't you know someone would whisper into some independent woman's ear that she was being deprived of a sensual pleasure beyond description, beyond imagination, beyond all human, mortal concept! Woman's curiosity runs rampant enough without some jerk feeding her a loaded line like that! Now what? Emancipation, that's what; sexual freedom, a single standard and a host of dissenting opinions about what's sauce for the goose and what-all for the gander, that's what!

Fear of pregnancy is eliminated

Whose Sex Drive is Stronger?

by the Pill, the Loop, the Diaphragm even by male sterilization! A something absolutely unheard of in pioneer days. Women have demanded, and as a result gotten, freedom. It couldn't have happened to a nicer gender. Now they don't know what the hell to do with it. Consequently, men, psychologists anyway, get rich writing about their plight. Oh, what capitalists these mortals be!

But that's just the beginning. Now they have sexual fears about being frigid, about not being able to climax, not only a clitoral orgasm, but a Freudian-approved vaginal one. The former, according to the Great Sexual Liberator, is an immature and masculine orgasm, while the latter is the true feminine, mature, womanly way of sexual satisfaction. All of which, of course, just adds fuel to the fire of future fornication.

For instance: Should a woman bounce from bed to bed as a man was wont to, or; should she stay at home with one man, whether they're married or not, and try to find a meaningful relationship despite her new freedom? Whether she does the former or the latter, society, still a bit prudish, is liable to look upon her as that age-old harlot and ostracize her. A man's sexual drive is usually looked upon as a virile, manly and extremely attractive trait. But a woman's sexual meanderings too often implies a predatory aggressive pursuit; very unfeminine and undesirable to both men and other women who can't find men of their own.

But if the problem of women is acute, the problem of men is even more so. While the women wander in their unenlightened abyss, the men are losing ground in their fight for superiority. Have lost so much ground, in fact, that they are now fighting for mere equality, let alone the sublime positions they once enjoyed. The best defense is an offense, it's often said, so the women are defending themselves by taking an offense. Men are the victims. Women are the initiators of affairs more often than men are (it's always been that way; it's only of late that we're taking analytical notice. So, women are the hunters and man the hunted, which gives man a very nice *out*, thank you, for excusing his dwindling male prowess. Seeing the aggressive pursuit by the women, he tells it to himself like he thinks it is and rationalizes that there's no joy in the chase anymore, that women have taken the fun out of the hunt, that he can't perform if she's too easy to conquer. Which is just so much hogwash because he never chased before, and well he knows it. If she wanted him, she ran backwards in order for him to catch up. If she didn't want him, nothing short of rape

was going to find her beneath his feeble efforts.

Today's woman suffers a dichotomy of emotions. On the one hand, she has freedom to do pretty much as she pleases, in all areas, especially sex. On the other, she doesn't quite know what to do with it, who to listen to, or what to believe about it all because she has had little or no previous training and she doesn't trust those who are telling her because, generally, they're men. Most of the psychoanalysts who have written anything about the emancipation and all that stuff are men. Lately women have entered the literary arena, but too much has already been said, thus making what's said now only superfluous. Who to read, to listen to, to believe?

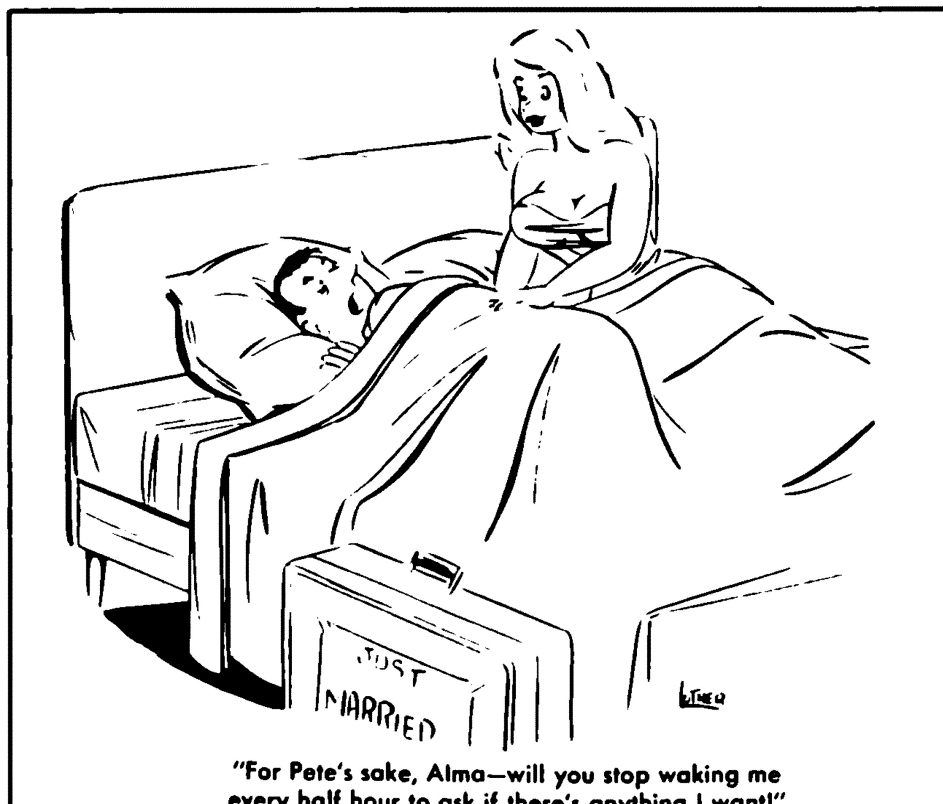
And, emerging from all this gobbledygook with a head larger than this morning's hangover, is the modern argument, the one that crops up again and again: A woman cannot enjoy a sexual relationship unless it is also deeply emotional; a woman has more to lose than a man if she plays the field sexually; a woman does not really need sex as a man does.

Well, like in everything else, there are any number of opinions, pro and con and trying to hear them all out will leave a woman no closer to the truth and a man no further from reality than he or she is now. A simple analogy might put the whole problem in its proper perspective. Sex, the desire for sex, the need for sex, is existent in both males and females; whether to a larger or lesser degree

will be borne out later, but for now, it is existent. So are appetites for food, appetites for fun, etc. and sex is no less an appetite. Depending on the individual, not the gender, it is quite possibly more so. Therefore, if a man and woman were hungry for food, or pleasure, would it be fair to give to the one and not the other. Is a man's appetite for food more demanding than a woman's? Before you answer that, consider *all* women, not just the slim trim model types who eat like birds pecking at a thrown crumb. There are many more women on weight-watchers diets than men! Is a man's capacity for enjoyment more than a woman's? At an amusement park, at a spectator sport that the woman particularly enjoys, at a horror movie; who screams and carries on? Who is hoarse and exuberant, exhilarated and worn-out from involvement? Her, right? So, what makes you think she doesn't get as much enjoyment, if not more than you, in the sex act? What, but your own male ego, that is?

Any relationship, both from a male as well as a female standpoint, will be better for all concerned if there's some emotional involvement and not just animal satiation. It may be of more concern for a woman at this moment, but only because she lives in a male-oriented world. That, however, is subject to change! There is still a shred of financial independence, of emotional security, of flattering compliments that only a man can provide . . . for the time being. Her emancipation is world-wide, though, and all-embracing, so that it does not confine itself to the sexual areas alone, but

(continued p. 86)



Clips for Stags

TWO WOMEN were discussing the marriage of one of their daughters.

"I hear she had a baby, too," said the one.

"Well, that's nature, isn't it?" asked the mother of the girl under discussion.

"But three months after the wedding?" questioned the other.

"Well," replied the mother, "you know how this generation is. She's young. She didn't know how long to carry it."

* * *

YOU KNOW that he who laughs last may also have laughed first!

* * *

GEORGE had the annoying habit of invariably responding with

the phrase, "It could have been worse," to anybody who told him a woeful tale. One day a friend decided to cure him of this insensitive response by telling him an outlandish and untrue anecdote.

"How's Roger?" George happened to ask the friend that day.

Seizing the opportunity the friend replied, "Terrible. Yesterday he went home, found his wife in bed with a friend, took out a gun, shot them both, then turned the gun on himself and committed suicide."

"Well, it could have been worse," came George's inevitable reply.

"Now wait just a minute! How in hell could it have been worse?" the friend asked.

"Well," said George. "If it had

happened the night before, the man that Roger shot would have been me!"

* * *

DOWN on the Bowery, an unshaven bum approached a passerby and asked:

"Would you give me twenty-five dollars and fifteen cents for a cup of coffee, please?"

"What?" exclaimed the startled victim. "Why, coffee only costs fifteen cents."

"I know," the bum replied, "but it also makes me very horny!"

* * *

THE SKINNY frosh was eager and game when he tried out for the football team, despite the glaring fact that each and every man outweighed him by at least sixty pounds. He didn't even flinch when he was beaten and battered during each scrimmage. He just kept wading in. But it was when one husky fullback grabbed him by one ankle and a hulking end grabbed him by the other that he decided he had had enough. For the two huskies looked at each other and the fullback said: "Make a wish!"

* * *

THERE ARE many different ways of breaking a date. One girl of our acquaintance does it by going out with him!

* * *

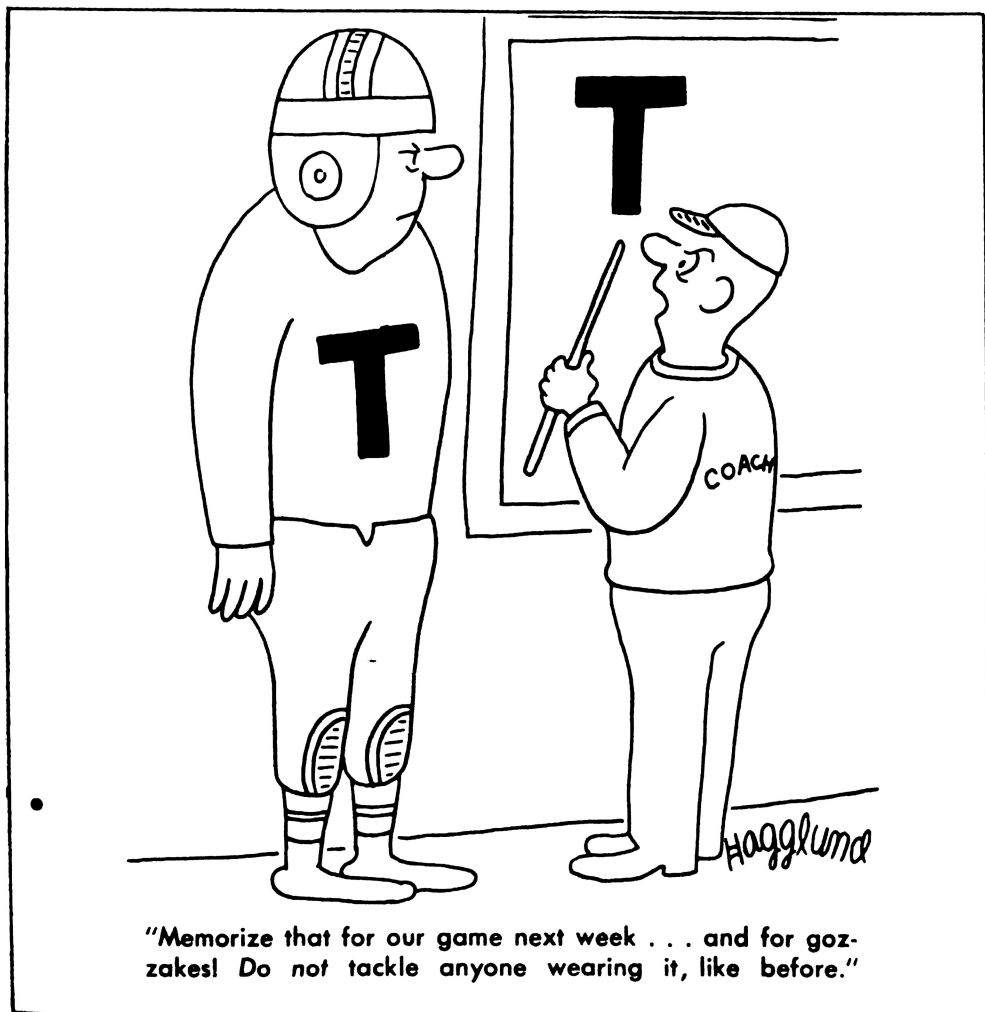
A WOMAN asked a waiter at a well known summer resort what he did during the regular season.

"I'm studying to be a doctor," the young man answered.

"A doctor, no less!" she said. "Then maybe you'd like to meet my daughter. Not only is she a college graduate, but she can cook magnificently and sings like a bird."

Sensing that something had to be wrong somewhere, the medical student asked, "Is she good looking?"

To which the woman snapped: "If she was good looking would she need you?"



"Memorize that for our game next week . . . and for goz-zakes! Do not tackle anyone wearing it, like before."

Who Wouldn't Remember April?

After one glimpse
of this groovy
gamin, who could
ever forget her?
April is beautiful—any month
of the year!



Modeling is her middle name, you might say, since it's a fact that adorable April Daws has been doing her thing in front of the film packs ever since she was knee-high to a Konica. Over the years, both she and the film have been developing nicely.



She was a bare two years old when a glamor photographer with an eye for coming attractions first focused on her, and April still has a tear-sheet from a woman's magazine in which the picture was used to illustrate an ad for baby after-bath powder. She has posed for many more after-during-and before-bath products since. In same attire.



This Mod modeling miss is all ready—at the drop of a phone call or cablegram—to jet-set and go-go anyplace where the fotog has a top reputation and the pay is at least \$60 an hour plus expenses. In last half of '68, April was snapped up in Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Rome and on the Riviera, as well as some other places she's already forgotten (but anyone who worked with her sure hasn't).





Whether it is
April in Paris
or in Portugal,
you'll remember
this sexciting
international
model forever
and ever more.
April showers
bring May flow-
ers, but April
Dawes would
never dampen
your spirits!

"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!" Robert Brown-
ing wrote, in rapture. Actually, however, it'll be summer be-
fore London lads get a chance to spring (and fall) for April.



FICTION
BY
B. L. RILEY.

Dear Addie: **HELP!**



**When a man can't get what he absolutely needs
in one place, there should be no restrictions on
his looking for it elsewhere—especially when the one
person he depended on was giving it to someone else!**

Miss Addie Van Durham
c/o Apex News Syndicate
New York,
New York

Dear Addie:

Oh, boy—have I got a problem!

Because of my fiancée's stubborn refusal to indulge with me in anything more than a frustrating bit of heavy necking, I have been forced to seek glandular relief elsewhere. It is now 3 AM in the morning and I have just come home after a weird, way-out night with both my fiancée and the "other woman." If you could see me now, Addie, I know you would be touched deeply by the sour expression screwing up my otherwise normally pleasant face. I have always been an avid reader of your advice to the lovelorn column, so if I may, I'd like to tell you all about it and leave the solution up to you.

This accommodating female who has been doing for me what my fiancée refuses to do is my next-room neighbor, Miss Bertha Bigge (not her real name!). My relationship with her is a real kooky one, born of purely economic necessity. You see, Addie, I am a freshman at San Francisco State College and I do not have a great deal of money to throw around on luxuries like good food, liquor, and women. Oh, I know there is supposed to be an overabundance of so-called "free stuff" floating around this really swinging town—and there is! But, by the time I take one of them out for the evening; first to dinner, then a show and maybe a few drinks and a motel—it is anything but FREE! I'm sure you dig. So, whenever my barren boudoir bouts with my reluctant fiancée become too agonizingly painful to bear, I am compelled to turn to Miss Bertha Bigge for comfort and sexual release.

Bertha, too, has her problems. Though hers are not of a sexual nature. For the sex act itself, the overweight Miss Bigge could not care less. Only two things make her usually listless dark eyes light up and induce her slatternly gross body to assume a recumbent position. The first is a gift of any sort of writing materials, which she uses in prolific quantities as she tries to sell creepy little stories to the confession-type magazines. The second is a gift of muscatel wine, which she guzzles like a parched habitué of Dante's Inferno stumbling upon a cool fresh spring! The current going price for the rental of her bovine body to me is a ream of Eaton's 16 lb. Corrasable Bond paper, and a half-gallon jug of Gallo's muscatel wine. For a brace of nylon typewriter ribbons she will also perform certain illicit little "extras" which she learned on the Left Bank—of the Oakland Estuary.

Driving home earlier this crazy night, after a particularly unsatisfying, groin-wracking session of hanky-panky with my fiancée, I felt an uncontrollable urge to visit Miss Bertha Bigge and be relieved of my mounting tensions. Considering her usually apathetic, wine-dullened sexual performances in the past, however, I began to wonder if perhaps I were not being overcharged. Still, I concluded finally, even a languid lay is infinitely better than a balking buildup to a punishing put-down. Thinking thus, I pulled into the nearest drive-in liquor store, then made a fast stop at an all-night stationery shop.

Armed with the ransom for the release of my raunchy restlessness, I hurried to Bertha Bigge's room, nervous and ashamed of my actions, but too desperate to back down. For a moment, I paused outside her door, listening to the *clack-clackety-clack-clack* of her typewriter in the throes of giving birth to a literary

brain child. Scotch-taped to her door was an ink-smudged hand-lettered sign which admonished:

DO NOT DISTURB
GEMIUS AT WORK

The *clack-clackety-clack-clack* stopped at my anxious knock. I could feel the vibrations of the floorboards against the soles of my fruitboots as she lumbered to the door and threw it open. I almost lost my nerve then, for this Bertha Bigge is a sight to behold! Pushing thirty, she is short and broad and round as a beach ball. Her nose is a tiny pink button under beadlike black eyes. She has a head of straight carrot-orange hair which she wears cut in the Gertrude Stein fashion, short and severely masculine. A tentlike cerulean blue muumuu hung over her vast shoulders like a hastily thrown poncho over a sack of Juan Valdez, Colombian coffee beans. Her lips were grim slashes in a beet-red, cosmetic-free face. Only a desperate man would find her anything but nauseous.

I was desperate!

Seeing her, only a great driving hunger forced me to go on. I even managed a feeble one-sided grin. "*Ma petite fleur!*" I cried in exaggerated heartiness. "I come bearing gifts!"

"Oh, Christ," Bertha Bigge exclaimed cheerlessly. "*Again?*"

She stood aside as I entered her hovel of a room, in darkness except for a single naked bulb suspended from the ceiling over her typewriter stand. The rumpled bed was unmade and sagged in the middle like a sway-backed Percheron. What at first glance appeared to be a pink parachute flung over an old chair, turned out to be a pair of her panties. On the floor nearby a ponderous tattletale-gray brassiere lay limp and soggy, resembling a deflated pair of giant waterwings. The whole room had (continued p. 76)

365 Ways To Woo a Woman By JANI GARDNER



Illustrated by
Arthur Wallower



*For the bachelor with a babe in mind
or the husband with a wife on hand . . .
this sage advice is an absolute must!*

ARTICLE
BY J. MENNEN

JANI GARDNER, as her photograph will attest, is an attractive young miss with a mischievous twinkle in her ultra-observing eyes. A saucy sprite with a specialty for saying the obvious, but in a unique way, Jani has culled a compendium of things for husbands and bachelors to do and say in order to make that wife or mistress tingle uncontrollably with love.

Her latest book, "How To Handle A Woman" (Hawthorn Books, Inc. \$2.95) is an interesting and highly informative accounting of what women want and need to turn them on. Jani, a former model, fashion designer and copy writer, also wrote the best-selling, "365 Ways To Say I Love You." Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, she now contributes her versatile talents to the Ralph H. Jones Company Advertising.

A month-by-month commentary with day-by-day advice, Jani opens her book with the daring double entendre:

"Send a masseuse to the house the morning after."

The morning after what? The New Year's Eve Party? Or the beautiful, frantic and prolonged lovemaking? You pays your money, you takes your choice! Jani didn't say it was a double entendre I did.

Jani is a romantic as well as a realist. Whether she addresses herself to the husband or the bachelor, you know she's talking to a man who is forthrightly interested in a woman; a compleat man looking to maintain, if not establish, a compleat relationship. The object isn't to only make physical love. The object is to recognize your intended as a human being with feelings, foibles and a distinct flair for not knowing what she wants until a man shows her.

For the husband, Jani suggests having her face towels monogrammed "I Love You." A bachelor who doesn't wish to commit himself so finally might use his imagination with a short saying she identifies with him alone; something cute and very personal. You know she's going to see it every morning or at least however often she washes her face.



In a restaurant, Miss Gardner advocates your leaning over the table and planting an intimate, but light buss on her inviting lips. Quite often, and more times than you're prepared to believe, the element of surprise catches her in a compromising mood. She's liable to kiss you back!

Jani spikes the month of JANUARY with some real beauties: "Tell her you want to play doctor; Send her a cute St. Valentine's Day card. Tell her you couldn't wait another month; Send her mother flowers and don't tell her; Go sledding: the sled on the bottom, you in the middle and her on top."

That last, of course, can be varied in position. Her weight and disposition should play important factors in your decision!

FEBRUARY is the best month to "Have a pillow fight; When you're absolutely sure she has no perfume on," Jani continues, "ask her what perfume she has on; Write her a note about how special she is and tuck it in her lingerie drawer."

MARCH, and Jani of course demands that you "come in like a lion."

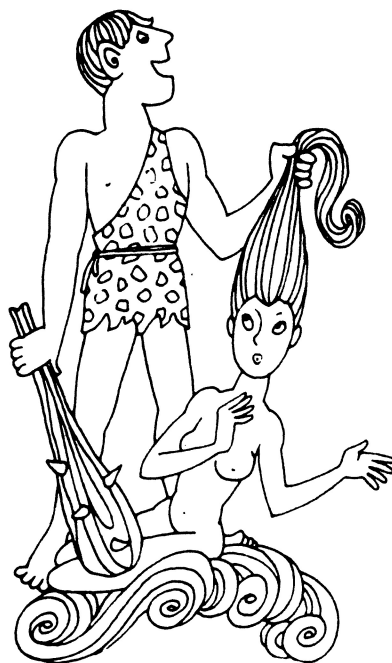
It will also be nice if you "Put a bunch of flowers in the refrigerator; Have a photographer and lots of flashbulbs, lights and other paraphernalia on hand to greet her upon her arrival from the beauty shop."

APRIL is a fool's month . . . if

the man is foolish enough not to take Jani's sage advice: "Kiss her hair when you help her with her coat; Send her a daisy with the last three petals still on it."

MAY is filled with the simple things: "Call to wish her a happy whatever day it is; Go home early today with a bottle of champagne."

If you're a bachelor, drop in when you know she's just arrived from her office. Wait for her at her door, champagne in hand, and watch her reaction when you tell her there's no special occasion. Just thought she'd like some champagne after a hard day's work! If she doesn't flip her lid over that one . . .



you gotta have bad breath or something!

Jani advises you both to: "Take a shower together when neither of you is dirty."

All right, I'll buy that. If you got her the champagne like you were told to, she might buy that also!

JUNE, the spoon, croon, moon month: "Tell her how good she looks when she gets up; Send her a postcard from the office: Wish you were here; Have balloons printed up that say you love her. Fill them with helium and let them loose in her house."

In JULY you should have another pillow fight. As Jani says: "It worked last time, didn't it?"

Also you can spend a couple of dollars and "Have a snapshot of her blown up into a huge poster." What's so expensive about that?

AUGUST and the mood should not be august. It should be light and airy. Enjoy, enjoy! "Tickle her when you zip her up; Ask her to buy you a tie. Wear it regardless; Buy her a kaleidoscope and tell her that's how she looks to you."

SEPTEMBER'S here: "Before you go to the beach with friends, make an elaborate tattoo of her name on a heart with an arrow through it. When you take your shirt off, act as if you hadn't done anything; Wrinkle up your brow and say to her, 'I don't quite know how to tell you this darling—sometimes even your best friend won't tell you—but you have, well, good breath. There, I've said it and I'm glad. Good breath!; Buy her a chive plant; Take her for a ride in the country to see the leaves change."

Frankly, that last is great whether you're with a girl or not. A more beautiful sight is hard come by.

OCTOBER can be a really bewitching month, especially if you start off by carrying through with the following: Have some fortune cookies made up with love notes





to her inside and have them served to her the next time you eat Chinese. When she asks you what gives, smile inscrutably and tell her, 'Loves tongue is in the eye.' Replace the telephone number on the kitchen phone with a little round photograph of you. Write: "What pretty eyes you have!" in grease pencil on her pocketbook mirror."

Again, the bachelor can improvise the kind of note he wants to leave her with, whether in the fortune cookie or on her mirror.

And these few precious days after September should be spent with but one thought in mind: the end of the year draws close and you can never share it with her again. Make it worthwhile.

There's so much talk about meaningless relationships, one-night stands, free love (nee free sex) and a host of symptomatic strains that inevitably lead to a phsyciatrist's couch, that the idea of an honest fingertip caress, a soft-spoken love word, a sincere warmth in a given glance is now reduced almost to a memory. When's the last time you had occasion, and took that occasion, to use one or the other? When's the last time it was done to you? Too long ago, no doubt. And if you can't remember, imagine how difficult it is for the little lady who thrives on that kind of attention. If

she doesn't get her daily ration of simple affection, she's going to be love-starved. You'd do well to remember that anyone who is hungry will go to the first place available for food, even if it means another man's larder! And it won't be so much her going as your forcing her to. She needs you; you know she needs you. If you don't give her you . . . she'll get someone else. A substitute is better than nothing.

But the greatest feature about Jani Gardner's advice is the beneficial aspects afforded both parties. Whatever you give to her, you will receive in kind. We speak metaphorically, of course! Like that silly



adage: You get out of something only what you put into it, (or something like that) so it is true of what you put into your relationship with someone. She's bound to respond to your attentions because first of all, she's dating you, right? Why? Because she likes you and you've made her liking you worthwhile by responding to her with your little wonderful reactions. No woman (or man for that matter) can resist the attention someone gives to them. Someone else knows she's alive . . . and appreciates the fact. Lord, how wonderful that is. An honest-to-goodness reason for living, for tolerating the burdens of material life. Don't deprive her, or yourself, of these wonderful things.

For NOVEMBER, start simply; enjoy it to its fullest: "Take a walk in the autumn rain; Read her a bedtime story; Arm wrestle with her and let her win; Send a limousine to take her and a friend shopping; Call her to inform her of the first snowflake; Watch her take a bath. Pop your eyes out; Spend all day Sunday in bed with her."

It's DECEMBER, the last month of the year and I'm not going to tell you what Jani Gardner advised. If you want to know, you can go out right now and buy her book. As she says, you'll make at least one woman happy—her! And you're bound to make many other women happy, or only one, whichever you prefer, because once you've read Jani's book, her advice seems to crop up and stick with you at just the right moment throughout a working day. A particular bit of advice will suit itself amazingly to a particular kind of girl and you'll know automatically which girl goes well with which advice. Actually, all the advice is universal. Like vintage champagne, it goes well with any dish.

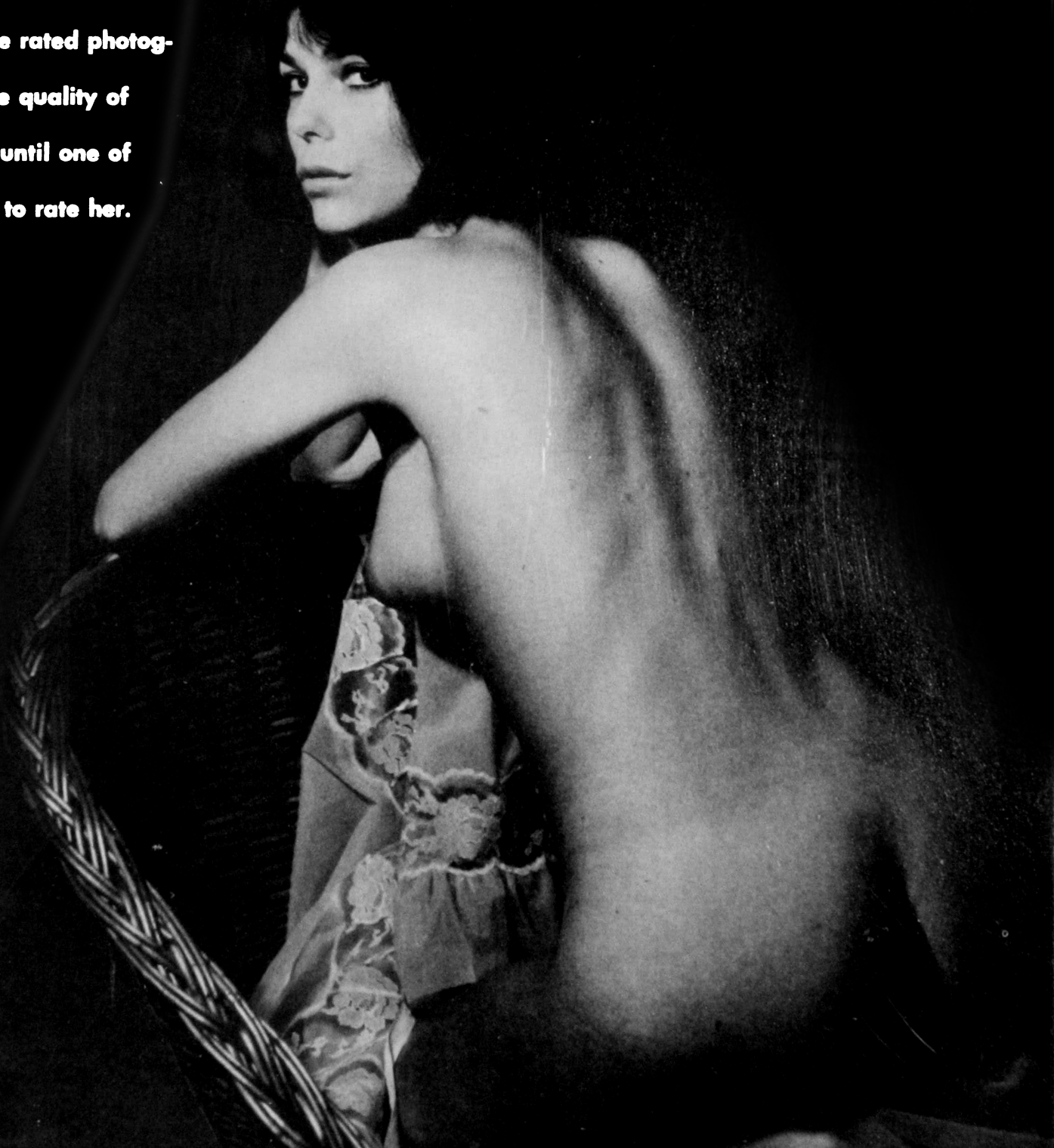
As you've seen, it's really the simple things which mean a lot to a woman. All the spangles and furs, etc. have their place, but none so close to her heart as the thoughtful gesture, the tender touch or the whispered love words.

Try it and see.



How's Your Nielsen Rating?

Lovely Lila Nielsen used to be an assistant photographic editor for a major magazine. She rated photographers on the quality of their work...until one of them decided to rate her.



That was only about six months ago, and since then, Lila has been rated tops by every photographer who's had the great fortune to "shoot" her. She still has her own rating system, however, and it isn't confined to just photographers.



"I got kind of used to rating people on their efficiency," Lila said. "Mostly photographers, of course, but also, men I came into contact with. Sales people, editors, assistants, all kinds. Of course no one knew they were being rated. That would have spoiled the whole thing. It had to be candid."



"Now it's gotten so that I rate everyone I meet, especially the guys I date. I have a very special category for them."





"I can't afford to waste time finding out on a date that the guy I'm with is a crashing bore. I must know beforehand that he will or will not turn out to be fun. That's why I have this little rating game. It weeds out all the duds!"

"Look at it this way. Now that I'm working all these crazy hours, I don't have much time for much of a social life."



"I can't tell you how the system works, cause then you'd know and it wouldn't be fair. But let me say it does work. And, actually it's better for the guys too. They won't be wasting their time, either. Anyway, I think everyone rates other people in some way, don't you?" Oh, yes, Lila!

Ed. Note: All the evidence indicates that avoiding the draft is fast becoming a national pastime with many of today's young men. Already there are several books on the market which offer advice on how to circumvent the Selective Service System. There are handbooks for college students and conscientious objectors and doves of all ilk. Adding it all up, it seems only a matter of time before underground classes will be held for would-be draft dodgers. What might such a class be like? A little like Fagin training young thieves, we suspect. So here's Professor Fagout and his Seminar for the drop-out, cop-out and far-out.

PROFESSOR FAGOUT: The class will come to order. Those of you who are smoking, kindly extinguish your draft cards. Peace marchers will park their signs at the back of the room. And remember that immolation is forbidden on these premises. Will the non-violent resisters please stop blocking the doorway? That's better. Now, if the conscientious objectors will stop chanting Fullbright quotes, we will begin. . . . Yes, Oliver, what is it?

OLIVER DODGE: May I leave the room, sir?

PROF. FAGOUT: Of course not. Use the bed at the back. Practise, lad, practise. That's the key to becoming a successful bed-wetter.

OLIVER: Yes, sir.

PROF. FAGOUT: Now, as I was saying—This will be the last time

this class meets before you students are faced with your final exam. Next week you go before your draft boards and they will determine how well you've mastered the lessons I've taught you. Therefore, this period will be devoted to a review of the term's work. First, what are the categories under which draft exemptions may be obtained? Nance?

NANCE: Yeth thir. Pythical, Mental, Educational, Marital, Occupational, Religious and Thocial.

PROF. FAGOUT: Correct. But your wrist is still a little stiff, Nance. Watch that. Let it dangle loosely. Keep it limp. Limp! Limp! Limp!

NANCE: Yeth thir, thweetie.

PROF. FAGOUT: Don't overdo it. Now, let us consider these categories and the opportunities they afford the reluctant draftee. Timid Tim, since you have obviously chosen to concentrate on the physical opportunities for deferment, will you tell the class how you plan to prepare for your pre-induction examination.

TIMID TIM: Hobble and wheeze. Hobble and wheeze. For me the draft'll be a breeze.

PROF. FAGOUT: You've got the basics down all right. But don't wave your crutch quite so energetically. It's out of character. Now, who can tell me some other physical symptoms which may render one eligible for ineligibility? Bill?

BILL SHYKES: Raising the

blood pressure.

PROF. FAGOUT: Right. And how do we do that?

BILL SHYKES: By looking at the pictures of the girls in *BACHELOR Magazine*.

PROF. FAGOUT (prompting): And—?

BILL SHYKES: By going to a hawk rally if you're a dove and going to a dove rally if you're a hawk.

PROF. FAGOUT (still prompting): And—?

BILL SHYKES: By concentrating on how afraid you are of being drafted.

PROF. FAGOUT: Fine. Thank you, Bill. Now, can someone think of another physical ploy? Yes, Foureyes?

FOUREYES: Lousing up the eye exam.

PROF. FAGOUT: Yes. And how do we do that? When the eye doctor says to read the third line down on the chart, what do we say? All together now, class.

CLASS (chanting in unison): What chart?

PROF. FAGOUT: And when he says the chart on the wall, we reply—

CLASS (chanting in unison): What wall?

PROF. FAGOUT (purring): Very good, my little chickens. Well, that seems to cover the physical . . . Yes, Pup, you had a question?

PUP: Yes, sir. About puncturing the eardrums. I think I made a mistake.

PROF. FAGOUT: Let me see. . . . Well, you certainly did! I'm very disappointed in you, Pup. You weren't paying attention. You didn't puncture your eardrums. You pierced your ears.

PUP (panicky): what'll I do, sir?

PROF. FAGOUT: You'll just have to change your major, son. Get some tight pants and practice swishing your hips. Stick a muscle-building magazine in your back pocket before you go into the psychiatrist. And stick some earrings in those pierced ears.

NANCE: That'th not fair! It'th my bit! The the amateurth will ruin it for fellowth like me!

PROF. FAGOUT: There, there, Nance. You have nothing to worry about. You're one of my prize pupils after all.

NANCE (modestly): It jutht

SEMINAR FOR HOME FRONT HEROES



What with draft card burners, peace marchers and devout cowards this had to come eventually—Hot off the presses some cool ways to beat the draft.

cometh naturally to widdle me.

PROF. FAGOUT: Even so, I'm very proud of you, my boy.

NANCE: I owe it all to my teacher.

PROF. FAGOUT: Yes. Well, see me after class. . . . Now, we seem to have moved on to the psychological area. Besides the gambit we have just discussed, what is the next most useful ploy in seeking exemption? Ebenezer?

EBENEZER SCROOGE: Hearing voices. Seeing visions. Having nightmares.

PROF. FAGOUT: Wrong. You simply won't listen, Ebenezer. I've told you that no competent psychiatrist will fall for that. I fear that you are going to flunk this course, Ebenezer.

SCROOGE (spitting the words out viciously): Merry Christmas!

PROF. FAGOUT: Now, class, what is the correct answer?

CLASS (in unison): Aneurisis!

PROF. FAGOUT: Yes. And that reminds me, why hasn't Oliver Dodge returned to his seat? Oliver?

OLIVER DODGE: I'm still practicing, sir.

PROF. FAGOUT: Very laudible, but I don't really approve of last-minute cramming this way. If you're not careful, there won't be anything left for the draft board, Oliver.

OLIVER: I'm not worried, sir. The human body is 82% liquid.

PROF. FAGOUT: True. But I fear we digress. Let's get back to the area of the physiological interview. Have we all got our responses to the word-association test down pat? Let's see. All together now. . . . Mother.

CLASS (in unison): Ahh!

PROF. FAGOUT: You there. Bill Shykes. You didn't join in the response. Why not?

BILL SHYKES (hanging his head): That wasn't the word that came to mind, sir.

PROF. FAGOUT: Oh? And just what word did come into your mind?

BILL SHYKES (squirming): I'd rather not say, sir.

PROF. FAGOUT: I see. Well, perhaps that word might do just as well. But let us resume. . . . Father.

CLASS (in unison): Ugh!

PROF. FAGOUT: Women.

CLASS (in unison): Eh.

PROF. FAGOUT: Men.

CLASS (in unison): Mmmmm.

PROF. FAGOUT: Authority.

CLASS (in unison): Grrrrr!

PROF. FAGOUT: Good. Now, for those of you who don't feel able to carry off a homosexual or super-urinary pattern, I have some psycho-sexual tips which may come in handy. Expressing undue erotic interest in non-human creatures has been known to impress certain Army psychiatrists. A former pupil of mine was given a permanent exemption by claiming his pet duck as a love object. Yes, he really loved that duck.

OLIVER (calling out): That what, sir?

PROF. FAGOUT: Duck.

OLIVER: Oh. You should really speak more clearly, sir. I thought you said—

PROF. FAGOUT: Well, if you'd get away from that bed and take your seat up front, you'd be able to hear me more clearly. . . . Now, even better than animals to impress the shrinks, are inanimate objects. Let's see if any of you can suggest objects which might impress the psychiatric interviewer as reason for disqualifying you from service.

STUDENT: A coke bottle.

PROF. FAGOUT: Very good. Fatty. . . . Yes, Pup?

PUP: A vacuum cleaner.

PROF. FAGOUT: Yes. The element of danger would be helpful. . . . Bill?

BILL SHYKES: A chimney.

NANCE: A lead pencil.

SIDNEY CARTON: A guillotine.

OLIVER: A mattress spring.

PROF. FAGOUT: All good. And with a little thought, I'm sure that each of you can come up with one. . . . Let us move along now to the question of educational deferments. Bill Shykes, can you tell me the two possibilities which come under this heading?

BILL SHYKES: Under-achieving and being an egghead.

PROF. FAGOUT: Correct. Now, let us consider the under-achiever. What is the first thing he must be to get an exemption.

BILL SHYKES: Illiterate.

PROF. FAGOUT: Yes. And how does he convey this to his draft board?

BILL SHYKES: He signs his name with an X.

PUP: And he misspells the X.

PROF. FAGOUT: Good. And the egghead? How does he insure his educational deferment?

OLIVER: He bribes all the girls in his class to flunk their exams so he can work his way up the sliding scale to the top third.

PUP: He goes on to graduate school and he takes his master's in some obscure subject so he won't have any competition.

PROF. FAGOUT: Name three areas he might consider.

PUP: Abstract Ornithology; Philosophical Dissertations of Ninon DeLenclos; Modern Applications of Medieval Alchemy.

OLIVER (waving his hand frantically): Aneurisis!

PROF. FAGOUT: We've already covered that, Oliver.

OLIVER: But I have to—

PROF. FAGOUT: Again? Oh, all right. . . . Now, how about the marital anti-induction opportunities?

NANCE: Too limited. You have to marry a—ugh—female.

PUP: And you have to be a father too. I was going to try that, but—

PROF. FAGOUT: But?

PUP: Well, I'm a father all right, but the girl won't marry me. What good is that? You need at least two dependents.

PROF. FAGOUT (sympathetically): Yes, these damn birth-control pills (Continued on page 74)

the most vicious animal of all

A carnivorous predator who stalks his prey
with a lust that simulates sexual orgasm!

ARTICLE
BY GERALD HOWER

GENGHIS KAHN was only a fourteen-year-old kid when he inherited leadership of the tribes of Mongolia. With a horde of nomadic horsemen numbering some 300,000, he conquered all of his part of the world early in the thirteenth century. This gang of shaggy little men, who lived in tents and subsisted largely on horsemilk, swept down out of the steppes of Central Asia all the way to the Pacific Ocean on the east and as far as the northern shores of the Black Sea and the Dnieper on the west and to northern India, pillaging and destroying and subjugating. From

the Chinese, who had already invented gunpowder, they learned to use guns. When Genghis Kahn died in 1227 the Tartars and Mongols had conquered practically all of Asia; they went on to subjugate Russia, overrun Poland and occupy Hungary. Killing in those days, was a way of life.

Today, in the twentieth century, or 700 years later, things haven't changed much. Every year in the northern tier of states in America an army much larger than the hordes of Genghis Kahn—larger too, than the American presence in Vietnam—pours out of the cities and hamlets to kill. In Wisconsin alone, a wild and wooly crew, with a preference for Jack Daniels in a silver flask rather than mare's milk in a skin bag, shoot hell out of the deer population. Close to a half-million expensively dressed Charlies annually storm into the undergrowth in search of something they can put to death, tie to their fenders and haul back to hang up in front of their favorite tavern or butcher shop. They are known to massacre not only deer, but

tin cans, livestock, Volkswagens and each other, filling the air with flying lead in all directions. It all comes under the general head of "conservation" supported with public funds, including money from people who don't want to blow a hole in anything. A lot of that money, incidentally, is spent by state game agencies in many states on game wardens whose job it is to protect the animals from the hunters. Without this protection, these assassins would undoubtedly wipe out every living animal.

Last year the Wisconsin civilian army of "sportsmen", almost a half-million strong (one man out of every four in the population) killed a total of 108,000 deer in nine days. Bow and arrow Robin Hoods put barbs through 6,000 more. Nobody knows how many additional animals, maimed, crawled away to die in private. Weirdly enough, more deer were killed by cars on the highways, about 10,000, than by archers. Participating in the blood-letting were not a few fourteen-year-old kids of Genghis Kahn's age and younger, and plenty of Old Parties fixing to have heart attacks, and not a manjack of them obliged to be checked out physically to determine if they could even see what they were shooting at. Considering that there were more hunters than trees, it was inevitable that they shot each other.

Anybody can load up a gun and go out and shoot something, the larger animals by paying a fee, the smaller ones on a limit quota; where there are not enough creatures to kill, public wildlife "conservation workers" will breed, raise and release animals specifically for killing by hunters. State and Federal funds for this purpose reach beyond a half billion dollars every year.

What is this need to kill, experienced by man throughout recorded history, whether it be Genghis Kahn the boy wonder of the thirteenth century or today's scourge of the squirrel population of Appalachia? Is it, like violence on television, an outlet for homicide released harmlessly upon the creatures of the forest? The right to kill is fiercely defended in high places and low, and by those with powerful political clout, and no attempt at gun control legislation will deprive them of this pleasure in death dealing.

When a President of the United States is murdered by a gunman's bullet or a great man cut down by a sniper, not many of us can react without mixed emotions of suppressed guilt and angry denial or responsibility, for we know the excitement of squinting through a telescopic sight at a living target, if only at a deer. It is a national habit.

Humans are killed out of passion or in the line of patriotic duty, but other forms of life are killed for pleasure. In fiction, of course, the "most dangerous game" is man himself and manhunts have been dramatized for ages as high entertainment; realistic human slaughter in the visual media is constant and

unending in the western, detective and adventure epics. There and in he-man fiction we accomplish our killing by proxy, at a level of abstraction once removed from the real world, and are thus relieved of moral responsibility for this release from tension.

But we know guns; we get a tremendous kick out of discharging ordnance, bang, bang, bang. The kids learn to love it too, but we protect them from the bloody immediacy of its effect. On television, for example, Huckleberry Hound may be struck in the face with a shotgun blast at close range, but his head is not blown off and his brains spewed into the living room—he merely has his face blackened and his hair singed a little. No undesirable side effects, but riotous fun.

Killing as adult fantasy has a great deal more realism and is often doctored with liberal doses of morality, inasmuch as those to whom death is dealt richly deserve it, having similarly sinned, as dirty crooks will, with firearms. Bad Guys are created in order to be slain, else they would have little use in the TV drama of our time. The easy way, lacking, inventive plotting skill on the part of the average blood-and-thunder script-writer, and certainly the most gratifying way is to blast a bullet into the belly of the no-good, which writes him out of the action right off, no messy explanation needed. Violence is the necessity of bad plotting.

To take another's life is to impose the most final verdict one human can inflict upon another, hence the great feeling of superiority and power that arises from the act or the contemplation of it. In the field and forest this primal urge is unleashed on the lower orders of living creatures; the joy of it is reduced to the extent that there is little risk of punishment or retaliation. There is much symbolism in it as well, of strong sexual connotation. The parallel to love and courtship is obvious—the pursuit, the conquering, and the climactic pleasure in explosive discharge, followed by depletion and thereafter, renewal of the urge, and with advanced age, declining interest.

The gunman measures his reach through space in the cross-hairs of his scope—and extension of himself, the blasting bullet; he is like God hurling a lightning bolt as he smoothly contracts his trigger finger, squeezing off the shot. The weapon barks, jerks. The target victim convulses and falls, its brain shot away or its heart shattered, but to make sure, the hunter leaps upon the fallen beast and with his hunting knife, slashes open its jugular vein. If he is going to have a heart attack, it is here, at the supreme apocalyptic moment of simulated murder. For kicks, it beats love-making by a country mile.

After the penultimate, animal killing, comes warfare and people-killing. The Old Parties and/or Fat Cats are more in favor of playing war than the draft-eligibles, since their chances of getting zapped are so

The Most Vicious Animal

much less. It is the young Charlies, whether they like it or not, who have to make with the boom-boom, and there is some bitterness, more now than there ever was, no doubt. There is some feeling that killing should be optional with the individual. But there are always the fellows who thrive on dominating lives and destroying property, who like to kill real people and fornicate defeated women. There is something mighty attractive to them about male housekeeping, cussing, spitting, smoking, drinking, yelling, puking, snoring and running through the weeds, experiencing the Great Adventure. Many of us have known the boredom as well as the fear that goes with the military bag and the stretcher-bearers staggering in crashing concussion with blood-dripping victims of the glorious madness. It is real only to those actually in it, and they have to take the attitude that they will get the drop on the Cong first, that the rocket will blow apart not the latrine they happen to occupy, but the one over the next hill, that the bullet with their name on it has not yet been molded. They will dig no spiritual foxholes and speculate no dreary futures, leaving the dead to bury their own past and refuse absolutely to look death in the face. It is just plain self-preservation to get with it, whether you like to make explosions or not.

Some of our civilized brothers would like to prohibit these obscene exhibitions outright, but they have always been overruled. Even the religious bow before the necessity for guns, and so far, mankind has found killing the only solution to its foreign and domestic problems. The Constitution of the United States carries a provision from Revolutionary War Days—a right to maintain a “civilian” militia—in case the farmers with squirrel rifles have to be called on to defend against the Redcoats from behind trees. This is interpreted today to mean we should keep automatic weapons in the house in case an alien horde sweeps down out of Central Asia and down Main Street, calling for everybody’s sister to come out with their skirts raised. Or at any rate, to keep guns and ammo on hand for “protection.”

To some this may be only a comforting abstraction, but they keep a loaded revolver in a drawer with

their shirts anyhow, or a shotgun propped in a hall closet next to the vacuum cleaner. Maybe there will be invaders from Mars, an insurrection by the poor, or ah ha!—burglars! Nervous Nellies have been known to shoot off their own toes aiming at shadows in the window from their beds and have croaked their own mate who had gone downstairs to let in the cat. Kids always find where dear old Dad has hidden his cannon and bullets, and often enough blow themselves or their chums apart re-enacting scenes from a TV shoot-out.

Guns are made to be discharged and bullets are for shooting and hardly anybody keeps a gun just to oil the stock or pretend it is an extra penis in a manhood contest. They want to keep it and argue that cars kill people too, unwilling to see that the red convertible, while it is also a virility symbol, has other vital functions. The gun has only one—to blast tin cans, highway signs or living things. Maybe guns should have a message like the ones on cigarette packages, to the effect their use is dangerous to health.

The guy who keeps an equalizer on the premises may be exactly that guy who bears subconscious hatred of his fellow man. Which everybody bears in one form or another, civilization being what it is. So when he gets into an argument at the local pub he rushes home for his roscoe, tears back in a blind rage to blast away at the bodies of his tormentors, a crime of passion. Or—he simply shoots out the guts of his family and friends without too much provocation, and that’s what the gun was there for all along, naturally.

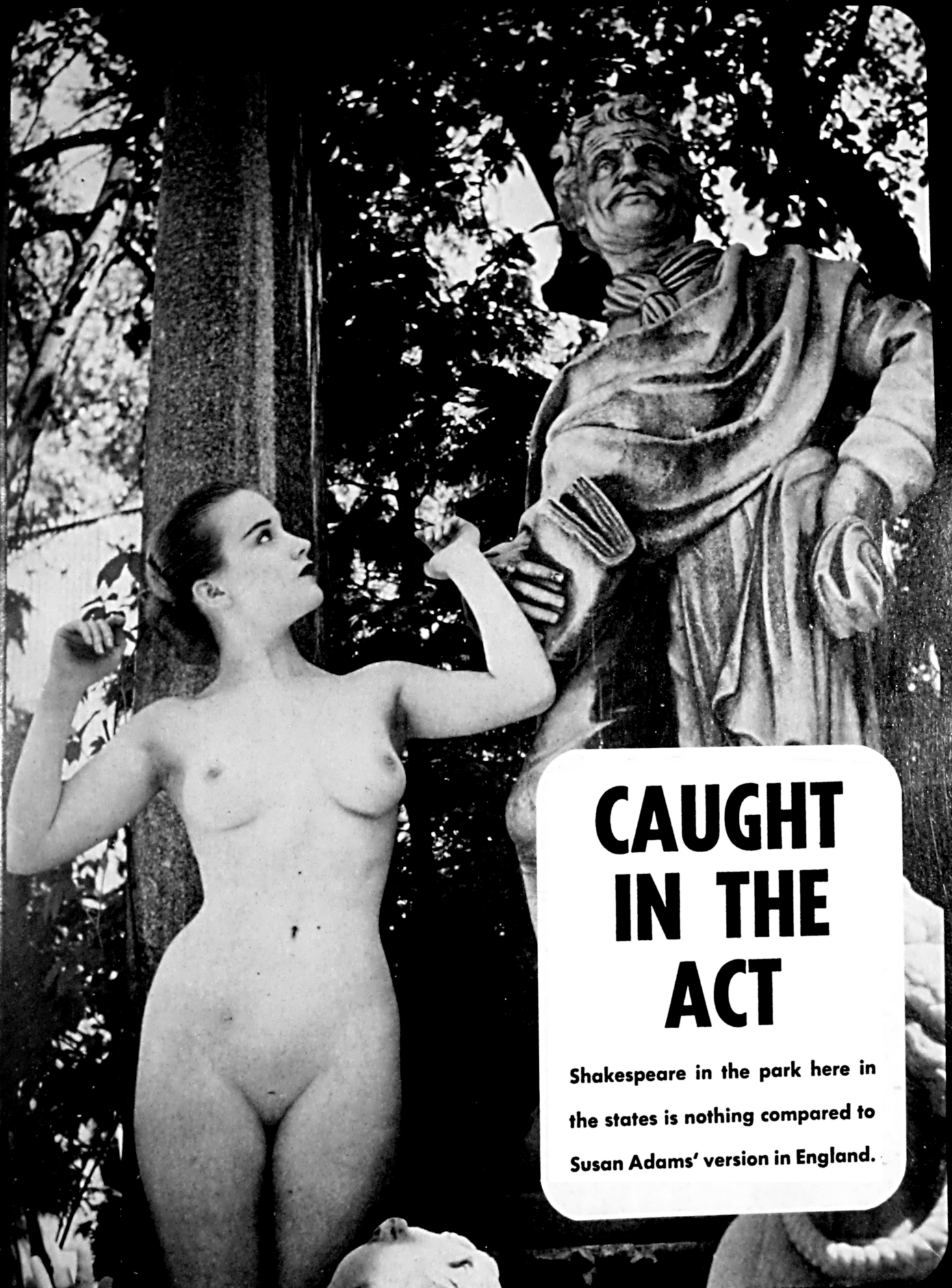
A report to the American Psychological Association convention last year said that murder was primarily a family affair. About 38% of all homicides in America are committed within the bosom of the family! Not by burglars, hold-up men, escaped convicts or other casual strangers against whom the weaponry was held as “protection”, but by cheek-by-jowl relatives. About 40% of the killing was by one friend shooting another friend! The National Center For Health Statistics points out there have been over three-quarters of a million deaths from firearms here since 1900. By now the number should be well over 800,000 Figures released

by the Justice Department recently gave an estimated 50 to 100 million firearms in private hands. Nationally, 60% of all murders are by gunfire. About 30% of those are murder with rifles and shotguns, normally considered “sporting” weapons. The American homicide rate with guns, per 100,000 population, is 35 times greater than in England or West Germany!

One school of thought has it that the torrent of violence on television is good for people—it is an outlet for aggressions and lets people blow it off harmlessly, like a flatulence. Whether that school keeps or not—and others say it has just the opposite effect, that it stimulates brutality—a parallel notion is that using firearms to slaughter animals for fun is a great way to release destructive urges that might otherwise be directed toward humans. Could be. Womenfolk should take note and not raise too much of a stink when their mates march off in their gumboots to make war on the wild beast.

The life they save may be their own!

Likewise it may keep Charlie from being another Jack the Ripper, to give him his druthers with the lower orders instead. This is what the uproar over control of gun ownership is all about. It is not that most of us don’t want to license the shooting of human beings—we don’t want to hamper the therapeutic freedom to shoot hell out of animals. There is embarrassment even in the poultry game because the masculine image of the Mighty Hunter is none too secure. He wears the crown precariously. Filling prairie chickens full of lead as proof of manliness is, at bottom, pretty silly, even if he spends the night with prosties to supplement it. In the back of his mind the Mighty Hunter knows the thing is a fraud, and when asked to register his boomer with the Federals, he overreacts, groping for justification that isn’t there, and he goes red in the face with outrage. He bawls about his “constitutional right” to bear arms. He is bearing them against chickens, but implicit in the hyperbole is real motive—he bears arms against humans, should some unforeseen uprising among them take place, whom he can legally shoot. He forgets to defend his right as a responsible killer of fauna, and becomes the last hope of society in de- (Continued p. 90)



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How to Win at Blackjack

(continued from p. 29)

if you play this method. Since you are not truly doubling up, it is necessary that you must always win at least two consecutive hands before reverting to the original \$1 bet. In other words you are betting that you can beat the dealer twice before he can beat you seven times. If you can

accomplish this comparatively modest feat you will stay approximately even. If you attain a string of consecutive wins you are way out in front.

To illustrate what I mean here's an actual game that I played at the Hotel Thunderbird in Las Vegas in which a friend charted the play:

Deal #	Amount played	Win or Lose	Bankroll after play	
Start			\$50	
1	\$1	W	\$51	When you win continue bet.
2	\$1	L	\$50	Lose. Now bet \$2.
3	\$2	W	\$52	
4	\$2	L	\$50	One win and one loss on this wager, so continue same bet till you lose original \$2 or win two or more bets. You've lost your \$2. Up the ante.
5	\$2	L	\$48	
6	\$4	L	\$44	
7	\$6	L	\$38	Four in a row for the dealer.
8	\$9	W	\$47	
9	\$9	W	\$56	Ah! Two wins in a row. Now keep betting \$9 till you lose.
10	\$9	W	\$65	
11	\$9	L	\$56	Lose. Go back to the original wager.
12	\$1	W	\$57	
13	\$1	L	\$56	
14	\$2	*W	\$60	*Doubled down with 10 and won.
15	\$2	**W	\$63	**Blackjack pays 3 to 2. Too bad these two didn't come up on \$9 play.
16	\$2	W	\$65	
17	\$2	L	\$63	Go back to original bet.
18	\$1	L	\$62	
19	\$2	L	\$60	
20	\$4	L	\$56	
21	\$6	L	\$50	
22	\$9	*W	\$68	*Doubled down on 11 and won. This counts for two wins. Now continue on \$9 till you lose, then go back.
23	\$9	W	\$77	
24	\$9	W	\$86	
25	\$9	L	\$77	
26	\$1	L	\$76	
27	\$2	L	\$74	
28	\$4	L	\$70	
29	\$6	L	\$64	
30	\$9	W	\$73	
31	\$9	L	\$64	One win one loss on \$9 wager. Bet \$9 again until you lose original bet or win two \$9 bets in a row.
32	\$9	L	\$55	Still ahead \$5 at this point despite 19 losses to 13 wins.
33	\$12	W	\$67	
34	\$12	W	\$79	
35	\$12	W	\$91	
36	\$12	*W	\$115	*Doubled down on 11 and won.
37	\$12	W	\$127	
38	\$12	L	\$115	Winning \$65 at this point. Quit! Come back later.

An analysis of the actual play recorded above reveals a number of things. Of considerable importance is the fact that out of the 38 hands dealt the house won 20 hands while the player only won 8 hands. The largest number of consecutive wins for both the player and the dealer was five. This represents about an average run

of luck. The reason that the player won was, of course, due to the fact that many of the player wins occurred when the stakes were relatively high.

It could be argued, perhaps, that the player was unusually lucky in the sense that in each of the three instances where he doubled down, he won. Conversely, however, only one

blackjack showed up in the entire game and this was on a small \$2 bet.

Generally speaking this method of play will usually result in the player initially winning some money from the house. Because of this the matter of when to quit is of prime importance. Conceivably, had I continued to play I might have won several times \$65. However, it is one of the facts of life that sooner or later the dealer is going to come up with a cycle of wins which will cost the player a minimum of \$50. Since the system calls for you to quit at this point anyhow, the player can, by attempting to anticipate the dealer's win cycle leave the game before this happens and come back later to try again.

Since the house limit in most casinos is \$500 this system can also be prorated to anyone's pocketbook. However, before risking any of your hard-earned bullion it is strongly suggested that you spend some time trying this method out "on paper."

Because of the fact that at virtually all casinos the dealer *must* draw to 16 or less and *must* stand on 17 or more, you can "dry run" this system at home by dealing one hand for yourself and another for the dealer. Start by "selling" yourself \$50 worth of poker chips, then place the remainder of your chips in front of "the dealer." When you deal be sure you give the dealer one card up and one down and be governed by the drawing procedures outlined earlier in this article.

I recently charted 50 hours of home play on this system and ended up with an imaginary profit of \$1,784. I have also tested the method in at least 15 different casinos at Las Vegas. For reasons I would prefer not to go into I will not state how much I won, except to point out that it was consistent with the ratio I acquired testing the system at home.

Numerous other systems of playing blackjack are currently in use. Unlike the method described above which is based on raising your bet when you *lose*, many methods are based on raising your bet when you *win*. These are the systems which ostensibly have made players rich, *providing* they encounter a long series of consecutive wins. The big drawback to most of these systems is that the chances of a player getting 10 consecutive wins in blackjack are estimated at approximately 1,200 to 1. Granted, that if you win you'll win big, but in the meantime the dealer is wearing the player down.

Like all forms of gambling, the methods of playing blackjack described here will not guarantee you'll win each time you play. It will reduce the house percentage to a razor thin minimum and provide you with an effective system of betting and money management. The rest will depend on your luck and knowing when to quit.

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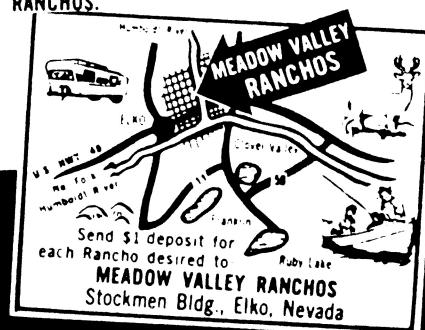
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Picking the Purr-fect Pussycat

(continued from p. 14)

its package, tells you she is accustomed to impromptu overnight guests and this is, of course, a plus for you. The presence of a diaphragm or "The Pill" is most encouraging, especially if she didn't bother to hide them.

"His" and "Hers" towels are a cute affectation, but if there's a third set marked "Theirs" you have stumbled onto a swinger. Glance quickly in her laundry hamper and you may come across a bra which will tell you quickly whether or not she's on the level about that blouse full of goodies. It'll also tell you something about how dainty she is, often to your lasting chagrin.

Lastly, before we go out on the town, a word about pets. Anything more than a tank of tropical fish or a pair of love birds is very apt to wind up in bed with you. And if you've ever shared a Simmons with a girl AND a poodle or a Persian cat, you know how distracting this can be. Also, cats invariably smell up the joint and dogs are apt to bite you when you become amorous with their mistresses.

When a girl is attached to a dog or a cat she's a poor prospect for a weekend at the beach or at a ski lodge. You'll either wind up coming up with the loot to keep the pet in luxury in a kennel for the weekend, or you'll lug kitty and Kitty Litter, doggie and Doggie Yummies along with you.

Assuming the young lady has checked out favorably and you still want to take her out, it's a smart strategy to suggest cocktails at the swingiest spot in town. The healthiest sign is for her to know nobody. Have another long look at her if she says hello to several other men. And if she rates the kiss-on-the-cheek routine from the headwaiter on the way in and is on a first-name basis with the bartender, you've got T-R-O-U-B-L-E, and that spells trouble.

What she'll have to drink may well chart the future course of your evening and perhaps the whole relationship. If she asks for "a very, very dry Beefeater martini," a Gibson or a very dry Rob Roy, you're probably in business. If she orders scotch-on-the-rocks with a dash of water or soda or vodka and tonic you're still in good shape. If she refuses a drink it's a definite demerit. And if she orders a stinger-on-the-rocks before dinner, run for the hills!

Here are a few Do's for the first time out:

Let her do most of the talking. Women love to talk and, after a few gargles, will usually tell you more than you want to know about them.

Compliment her on her appearance (they are all vain as hell) and be sure and introduce her to your friends, male and female, whenever the opportunity presents. This makes her feel that you are proud to be with her and you can ask your friends later

what they think of her.

Let her know that you are a devotee of bedroom sports, but don't drop any names of past conquests. She'll figure if you talk about them, you'll talk about her.

Keep suggesting another drink as long as she'll play along. Some gals are still enough of a puritan to like to be able to blame what happens later on "too many martinis."

Don't oversell yourself. Be confident, but modest.

Don't ask her age because even if she's not yet 21 they all resent it. If you're that curious, saw her in half when you get her home and count the rings.

Don't be afraid to shake her up sometime after midnight with a line like: "I hope you have an alarm clock—I have a helluva time waking up in the morning." Now and then you'll get a live one who'll assure you that she'll get you up in time for work. And you'll seldom find a square who'll get indignant.

Once the lady is well-lubricated with cocktail, suggest an intimate restaurant (preferably with candle-light, a strolling fiddle player and perhaps a fortune-teller) and start making a more determined pitch. Level with her about your marital status, whether it's married, separated or single. Make it clear you're looking for a more or less permanent alliance, but aren't quite ready for marriage.

After dinner suggest brandy—more than one if she'd like—and then take her home to her place, not yours. It's always wise to return and perhaps do some additional checking and discover something you've overlooked. If she invites you up, for coffee or a nightcap, you are better than half way home and should make the big move immediately. Girls never resent a guy making a pass on the first date. Even though you may get turned down, they're flattered that you try.

If all systems are working properly you should develop a bedroom relationship with this chick within three dates, depending on how fast you operate and how horny she happens to be. Once that's established—and it is great—she's ready to become your mistress, either full-time or part-time, but never stop checking her out.

Test her out on your friends and see if they find flaws. Use your apartment after the first date, but don't let her move in. It's always a bad idea to allow a girl to become completely dependent upon you, so encourage her to maintain her job and her independence. Don't give her a key to your joint and don't ask for one to hers—you might walk in some night on a scene you'd have liked to have missed.

If she's a divorcee or is on the rebound from a serious love affair pay

attention to her comments about her ex. Beware of the chick who lays a line on you like:

"I was married to Bruce for five years before I realized he was a latent homosexual."

If she raps old Bruce like that, she'll rap you like that when the season closes.

Should it happen that you are over 40 and have never been married, tell her, brushing away a tear, that your fiancée was tragically killed a few weeks before you were to be married. If you are over 40, have never been married and still live at home, don't tell her anything and stop reading right here.

You shouldn't fill your pointy little head with stuff like this, your mother would be ashamed of you!

Sex Lode in the Want Ads

(continued from p. 24)

was the greatest thing, that I was such a fantastic man, all man, honest and sincere, and that she didn't mind waiting in the shadows for me. I simply have to pick up the phone now and call her when I want her. And she's always there, waiting in the shadows. Man, those want ads are something else!"

Charlie has since tried answering other similar ads with a good percentage of success. He had questioned her reason for inserting the description "attractive" in the paper, and she had replied that "some bosses want someone who looks good as well as one who is efficient."

Charlie accepted it but pursued it further with a psychologist friend who said: "While the outward reason she gave, that she was merely telling her potential employer she was, among other things, pleasing to the eye, she was subconsciously saying a great deal more. Consider the girl's circumstances; divorced, has a child, is only 24, a young, often very lonely age. She requires companionship, especially male, at this period in her life. Whatever she thought she was saying in that ad, she was also crying to have someone, some man take notice of her, of what she had to offer. As a matter of fact, the want ads, if you read them carefully, are actually excellent hunting grounds for, to use the vernacular, 'willing wildlife.'"

On that premise I decided to try my hand at hunting.

There was some success, some failures. I stuck pretty much to the area Charlie had going for him. Part-time secretaries, typists, housekeepers, maids, etc. Some were beautiful, some mediocre, some downright ridiculous... a lot were strictly business. But the most interesting thing, I found, was that I had a veritable harem parading before me any night of the week I chose. I would merely call a number of women, suggested they arrive at

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hourly intervals and then let my own intuition and her desire take over. If they were, as the psychologist said, desirous of male companionship, then I would hire them. The combination of desire and intuition usually proved to be a winning one. I was beginning to like this hunting business. I was getting to be quite a shot!

The one venture I made through the yellow pages proved slightly expensive, but excitingly successful. I made an appointment for a masseuse to come to my apartment. Whew! That was an experience I'll remember long after my hair's turned gray. I'm sure it started turning that night.

The masseuse advertised her services as EXPERT MANIPULATION. UNIQUE TECHNIQUE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, etc., and I was particularly interested in her name; which I shouldn't really disclose here, but can say it was titillating.

She arrived at my place at nine in the evening on schedule. (I had later learned that she or one of her many assistants was available all night long.) She was attractive without being a knockout; good body, firm and youthful; age range approximately 26.

Oddly enough, the first thing that caught my eye was her's...her eyes, I mean. Though her manner was formal and business-like, without being curt, her eyes sparkled and danced like they were saying something a man should readily recognize.

Well, I didn't know how up-and-up her operation was and I didn't want to make any false moves, so I figured I'd let her tell me what was what.

She suggested I lie on the bed (rather than the couch), that she could work better that way, then asked if I preferred oil, alcohol or powder. I chose alcohol and she opened her little black bag and took out the necessary ingredients for massaging: towel, alcohol, powder afterwards if I so desired, and a gown for herself. She asked if she could use my bathroom, telling me to undress and lie face down on the bed when I answered "of course."

Moments later she returned wearing the gown, her street clothes draped over her arm.

Actually, I really wanted a massage. I had never had one before and was feeling a bit uptight around my neck and shoulders—but I also wanted any extras she might care to throw my way.

She knelt on the bed beside me and started on my neck and upper back. Strong, kneading hands, smooth, confident, digging in and rubbing over, sending rapturous thoughts up to my brain and very erotic ones down to my libido.

She chatted softly as she worked, about me, what I did for a living, was this my first massage; about customers she liked and didn't like, how she enjoyed her work, how long she'd been at it; things like that. We be-

came really chummy about the time she got down to my backside. She stayed there a little longer than necessary, I thought, and I don't know whether she noticed the change in me or not, but she moved down to my thighs and lower legs just in time!

I was still aroused when she told me to turn over. I hesitated, blushed, and said I'd better wait a moment or two. To which she laughed lightly and said not to worry, that it happens all the time to virile men and that it was a very natural response. She helped me turn over.

"My!" she said. "We are aroused, aren't we?"

I wasn't sure what that "we" business meant, but I sure as hell was. She went right to my neck again, leaning her body close to mine, looking me in the eyes, hers laughing again. She had just a touch of delicious perfume and I could feel myself getting a little heady, a bit sleepy, almost. But she took care of that by moving down to my chest. Before she went further, she glanced down to my loins and said: "There, you see, you're almost asleep now."

A moment later though, when she reached my lower belly, she said: "Oops! Woke you again, didn't I? Sorry about that."

And then I said: "I don't mind being awakened, as long as it's for a good reason. I don't like being frustrated and all sick inside."

"Well, have no fear. Satisfaction guaranteed, remember?" she said, then moved her hands swiftly to my problem and began solving it. "There is a slight extra charge for certain services rendered," she said, but not in a cold business manner. Rather, in a way that made me feel I would have paid a large extra charge...happily!

She recognized the affirmative in my eyes and proceeded to do her job thoroughly. At first she used only her hands, then she incorporated her mouth, finally her entire body. I was rubbed down, up, inside and out for a full hour before we both had to call it quits.

I paid her twenty dollars for the massage and offered another twenty for the extras. She smiled, thanked me and left, asking me to be sure to call again. I was more than sure I would...in fact, I did.

As I said, it was a bit expensive, but what a worthwhile endeavor. I felt like a million bucks, slept like a baby and dreamed heavenly thoughts the whole night long. I've since called several times, when I've had a little extra money lying around, and she's returned each time with newer and better techniques. Once in a while she gives me a discount, or else a freebie. We've even dated on the side a couple of times, though she is reluctant to mix business with pleasure.

Ah yes, you'd be better off letting your fingers do the walking. You want all the strength you can get to handle the sex in those ads.

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Seminar for Home

Front Heroes

(continued from p. 61)

have made it rough on everybody. Well, how about occupational deferments? I hope some of you have been working on becoming essential.

TIMID TIM: I work for a truss house. That's essential, isn't it?

SCROOGE: I've taken a job as a sidewalk Santa Claus.

BILL SHYKES: I'm a star counter for a flag manufacturer.

NANCE: And I'm a field worker for the League of Women Voters.

PUP: For sheer patriotism, I can top any of you. The firm I work for manufactures "Goldwater for President" buttons.

SIDNEY CARTON: It is a far, far better thing you do. . . .

PROF. FAGOUT (interrupting): But Pup, the election is over. How can yours be an essential occupation?

PUP: He shall return. . . . And William Miller, too.

PROF. FAGOUT: Perhaps. . . . But I see the time is growing short. Quickly now, let us consider the deferment granted on religious grounds. What is a conscientious objector, class?

CLASS (in unison): A Devout Coward.

PROF. FAGOUT: Check. . . . And now for the last area of rejection—Social. How have you gone about the ground work of proving to the Army that you are social undesirables and misfits?

SIDNEY CARTON: I slashed my wrists and dripped blood all over a Great Society poster.

SCROOGE: I poured boiling oil from my window onto the heads of a group of carolers.

TIMID TIM: I broke my crutch over a lady cop's head.

NANCE: And I hit a vice cop with my pocketbook in the Penn Station men's room.

BILL SHYKES: I sneaked some Viet Cong flags into our last shipment to the D.A.R.

PUP: I chained myself to a lamp-post in front of NBC and chanted anti-advertising slogans.

PROF. FAGOUT: Well, I see our time is up. I wish you all the best of luck. Are there any last-minute questions? Yes, Oliver?

OLIVER: Should I bring my rubber sheet to the Draft Board with me?

PROF. FAGOUT: It can't hurt, my boy. . . . Now, class, before we disband, let's see if you've all learned the most important lesson of all. Suppose, despite your training you find that you are drafted anyway. Suppose you find yourselves in the front lines of Viet Nam with a gun in your hands. What do you do?

CLASS (in unison): We shoot off our big toes!

PROF. FAGOUT: Correct. . . . Class dismissed.

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Dear Addie: Help!

(continued from p. 53)

the musty odor of a condemned winery.

Brushing a curious fruit fly from the end of my nose, I threw the typing paper into the clutter atop her dresser. Bertha snatched the bagged bottle of muscatel from me and had a long, long go at it. Then, wordlessly, she put it down, stripped off her cerulean blue muumuu, scratched her Gargantuan nude buttocks, and looked quizzically at me. Her huge pendant breasts quivered like overripe Casaba melons as she waddled to the bed and, sighing wearily, grunted herself down to it.

Yawning, she said: "Whenever you're ready, lover!"

I undressed quickly, grimly, and scaled the Everest of her gross body to gain the inside, wall position. For a long moment I lay with my eyes closed, breathing noisily in the concavity of the tortured mattress. Eyelids tightly pressed together, I imagined myself about to make mad love to Claudia Cardinale. When my inflamed imagination finally touched off a responding spark in my hungry loins, I rolled over, struggling to lift myself from the pit in which I rested. Gaining a tenuous fingerhold in the folds of suet girdling her hips, I clambered over her outstretched left hock and crouched between the rising-dough flesh of her thighs.

Then, crazily, I thought of Stella, my fiancée! I writhed in an agony of indecision and stricken conscience. A thousand doubts assailed me. Was I being completely fair with Stella? What would happen if she learned of my association with Miss Bertha Bigge? Addie, I asked myself why Stella continued to hold out on me, and did her reluctance to fornicate with me indicate a deep-rooted frigidity? I wondered just what our chances for a happy marriage would be under these conditions.

In that flashing instant I made up my mind that this would be my last betrayal of Stella! After this one final episode I would redouble my efforts to break down Stella's resistance, and even move up our wedding date if everything else failed to thaw her.

But first, I had to finish what I had started.

Beneath me, at my first tentative thrust, Miss Bertha Bigge lightly snored, burped a spray of muscatel toward me, then lustily broke wind!

"Oh, for the love of Christ!" I cried. I reached out quickly and pinched her protruding nipples, urging her to stay awake.

Slowly opening her eyes, Bertha Bigge wriggled lazily against me.

"Are you finished?" she asked.

Angrily, I dismounted and stood beside the bed, shivering in an im-

tent rage. "Yes!" I snapped. "I'm finished! I'm finished with you and your obese body and your wine-fouled breath. Goodbye!"

"Where are you going?" Bertha asked, yawning.

"I am going to Stella!" I told her. "I am going to confess all this to her and throw myself on her mercy. When she realizes what her denial has driven me to do, I'm certain she'll take pity on me."

Well, Addie, I went at once to Stella's house and it pains me to tell you this, but I must be honest. When I got to Stella's house I discovered her in the back seat of a cerise Thunderbird, making it like gangbusters with a darkly bearded young man I'd never seen before!

So there you have it. And I'm sure you'll agree that I do have a problem. Since I consider your advice column the tops anywhere, I've decided to put it straight to you. What do you advise? *Oh, not about Stella!*—I'm through with that two-timing bitch!

What I want to know is this: would I be out of line if I asked Miss Bertha to return the ream of 16 lb. Corrasable bond paper and the unused portion of Gallo muscatel?

Sincerely,
CONFUSED

Maestro of the Gallows

(continued from p. 39)

attempts were made by Berry to hang Lee, but each time the flaps failed. Berry was practically hysterical by this time. Lee was given his freedom.

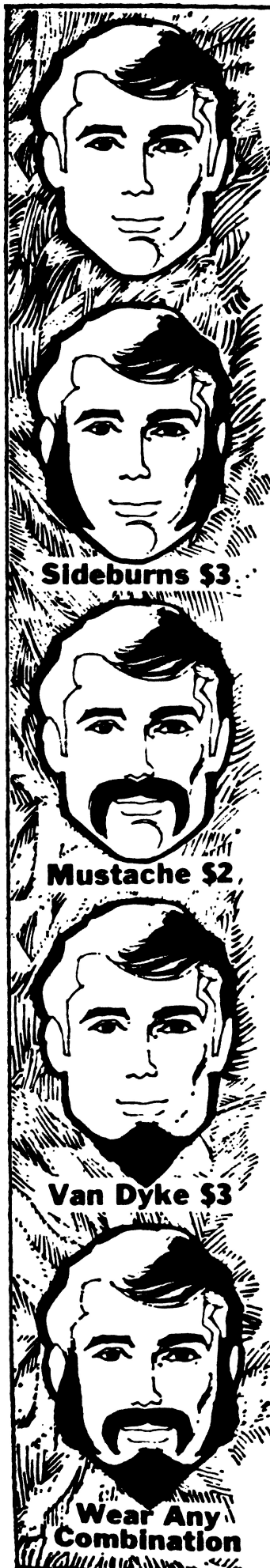
Later, it was revealed that the prison carpenter, convinced of the innocence of Lee, conceived the ingenious plan to save him from Hangman Berry. In those days the flaps met in the center of the platform on which the condemned man stood, so the carpenter carefully bevelled the top edge of one of them.

There was a certain amount of play at the hinges to allow for the fall, and the carpenter somehow managed to warn Lee to step on the left-hand flap and keep his weight there. Thus, the flap slid just under the other and remained jammed. But when the bag of cement was placed on both flaps they dropped as the bolts were withdrawn.

This callous and underhanded trick would have broken the heart of a lesser man, but James Berry had the strength of true greatness. For a total of eight years, he went on setting up and destroying his masterpieces, conducting the proceedings with calm decorum and gentle solemnity.

Then suddenly he handed in his resignation, giving as his reason for quitting the fact that "I do not like it and I no longer believe in capital punishment."

Which, if nothing else did, made him almost unique among executioners.



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need of money. I gave her a \$500 advance and asked her to write her memoirs. Of course she never wrote a line for me, but after the shooting I did publish her 'Manifesto' in paperback."

Shortly after the Christmas holidays in 1967 Valerie took Girodias up to the Factory to see a screening of "I, a Man," then in the last stages of production. "She seemed very warm and friendly with Warhol then," recalled Girodias, "which is what makes all that came after seem so strange."

Valerie was about to be locked out of her room for non-payment of rent, she was barely keeping body and soul together by panhandling and she had become convinced that every man she met was trying to take advantage of her.

"She got worse and worse characterwise," Girodias says. "She became extremely angry at Warhol. She felt he owed her a lot of money. I kept trying to pacify her vis-a-vis Warhol, as I am sure Warhol was doing when she went to complain about me. She got angry at me because I wouldn't publish her 'manifesto' and because she couldn't write the novel. She transferred the anger."

"Just to insult me publicly she would write letters to me, addressed to 'Girodias the Toad'."

Once evicted from the Chelsea, Valerie became "one of the floating people" who make up a good portion of the Village population.

"Where do you come from?" someone would ask.

"From the river," she would reply.

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Who are you?"

"No one."

She became a familiar figure in the 23rd Street Automat, eating somberly alone, talking to herself and glancing furtively at those who came near. Always she wore the blue cap, Navy P-jacket and blue jeans which were her trademark.

"We called her Valerie Barge Cap," giggles Viva in retrospect. "None of us ever knew her last name and she dressed so weird. But then I guess we all dress a little weird, come to think of it."

The pressure continued to build all during last spring.

All of the girls at the Factory were being interviewed by newspapers and magazines except Valerie, which only added to her resentment. Warhol, she was convinced, had used her. He had dubbed another voice for hers. She should have got more money.

Listen to those phony superstars!

"I was just a girl with long skirts and bangs when I met Andy," said International Velvet. "A lot of people think I look evil. I don't think so. My best scene with Andy was a rape

scene. I think sex and nudity in films are completely right because that's the way it is in real life. It's what's happening in everyday living."

And that Ivy Nicholsson!

"Andy is such a great person and everybody loves him and wants to be close to him," she told an interviewer. "Even the people who insult him do it with respect."

"I met Andy through Salvador Dali," a magazine quoted Ultra Violet as saying. "Then right away I start doing movies and choose my name. Most of Andy's girls are sort of ridiculous. I mean we're all sort of weird. I mean we have our own world. Maybe we're all a little insane."

But it was what Viva said that got to Valerie and started her thinking more, getting more mixed-up, hating more:

"Sometimes when I think about Andy I think he's like Satan. He just gets to you and you can't get away. I used to go everywhere by myself. Now I can't make the simplest decision without Andy. He has such a hold on all of us."

Valerie seethed inside, felt used, felt unwanted, and then, finally, a reporter called from the Village Voice to interview her. They spoke on the phone and he offered to pick her up in his car.

"No cars," she insisted. "You meet me standing on a corner. I don't get into cars with men . . . never mind why not. I've had some funny experiences with strange guys in cars. Just be sure you come on foot."

He suggested Chinese food, which she agreed to grudgingly. She ordered a thick steak and ate ravenously, talking non-stop between mouthfuls of the men who were trying to use her—Warhol, Girodias, even a lawyer she had talked to in an effort to squeeze money from the two of them.

"You can't trust any of them," Valerie confided. "They're all out for whatever they can get."

"Who?" asked the reporter. "Movie producers, publishers or lawyers?"

"Men," said Valerie, spitting out the word.

And again the pressure started to build.

Valerie offered to write a column for one of the men's magazines called "Lesbian On The Loose," but was turned down. She went on the Alan Burke show and when asked why she hates men, replied:

"Because they have f---d up the world."

"You can't say things like that in my living room," Burke said grandly.

"Up your living room," suggested Valerie.

"But I have guests here who . . ."

"F--- your studio audience."

"If you say that word again, young

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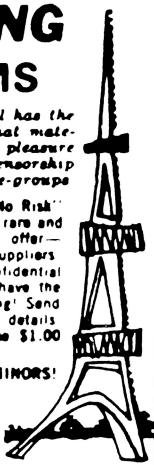
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lady, I'll get up and walk out of here," threatened Burke.

"Take a walk, you . . ." began Valerie, but Burke had taken a walk.

Then she hired a hall and advertised a public forum to discuss her S.C.U.M. Manifesto. She admitted women free and charged \$2.50 for men and about 40 people turned up.

"Those men!" she laughed later. "Creeps! Masochists! Probably they would have loved for me to spit on them. I wouldn't give them the pleasure."

Early in June Valerie's pressure gauge had reached the point where the needle hovered near "Red." She took the little money she had left and she bought a .22 target pistol and a .32 and loaded them both.

Packing one in each pocket of her jacket, her barge cap at a determined angle, she set off walking toward Union Square West and Warhol's Factory. She stood outside, watching the crowds passing in the bright sunshine, feeling powerful with the feel of the guns in her pocket, the hatred in her heart and the knowledge of what she was about to do in her mind.

Warhol came along and together they rode up in the elevator six floors to the Factory, where Andy sat down behind a desk to take a phone call. It was Viva, his reigning superstar. As he twiddled with his orange colored glasses, the sun glinting in his hair (Clairol Ghost Grey No. 5), Valerie took out the .32 and started shooting.

Andy dropped backwards from his chair.

"Valerie!" he cried weakly. "Don't do it! Don't do it!"

A second bullet struck Mario Amaya, a visiting London art editor, who stumbled to a restroom and managed to hold the door shut. Warhol's executive producer, Fred Hughes, dropped to his knees by the elevator as Valerie leveled the gun on him.

"Please," he begged. "Don't shoot! You can't. I'm innocent."

"I have to," said Valerie, simply, but then thought better of it and got into the elevator as it reached the sixth floor and pressed the down button.

Both wounded men were taken to the hospital. Warhol with a 50-50 chance to live and Amaya fortunately only slightly wounded. Valerie surrendered a few hours later to a rookie cop in Times Square, approaching meekly.

"I'm Valerie Solanas," she said handing him the two guns. "You're looking for me. I shot Andy Warhol."

Girodias visited Valerie in Elmhurst General Hospital, where she was being held for psychiatric tests, and asked her if she would shoot him when and if she were released.

"No," she smiled, "of course not. I don't have to do that anymore."

The last person to see her before her commitment says she still shows

no signs of being remorseful over what she did to Warhol, in fact almost happy to be free of the rat race of the outside world with someone to care about her, take care of her, listen to her.

"Will you go on writing?" asked the friend.

"Where I'll probably go they don't allow you to have any sharp objects," said Valerie.

And on that score, she's right. ●

A Very Special Delivery

(continued from p. 37)

cigarette. She said, "You're in good shape!"

"I didn't drink much, either," I told her.

"Where're the others?"

"The other men?"

She nodded that's what she meant, I explained, "They all had to go back to their wives and jobs."

"Oh, I guess so if it's ten in the morning. This is Thursday, isn't it?"

"Uh huh."

She looked up at me again. She was frowning as if puzzled about something, opened her mouth as if about to ask me something and then her gaze slid halfway down my body, focused there. She said, "Oh, You want an encore."

I smiled at her. She must have been wondering why I was standing there sort of expectantly and she'd figured out the reason. Smart girl. I said, "Just one encore and then I have to go to work."

"One encore coming up," she said. "But . . . can you wait just a minute?"

"O.K."

I watched as she hurried out of the room. I heard her naked feet padding up the stairs and then I heard a door closing somewhere upstairs. I realized she'd had to go to the bathroom. I stubbed my cigarette in the nearest ashtray and almost jumped a yard in the air when I heard the voice: "Who're you?"

It was the girl in the center of the floor, the girl in the foetal position. I realized she must have been one of the drunkest or else she would have sought a sofa or a chair when she felt the sandman coming. I said, "Don't you remember me?"

Her red-rimmed eyes studied my naked body, focused on the center of my body. "No . . . I don't remember you." Then, added softly as her red-rimmed eyes closed: "Next time I live, I'm going to be a grouchy old hermit."

I thought, *You're built too good to ever be a grouchy old hermit* and considered telling her my opinion, but I judged by the rhythmic rise and fall of her naked breasts she'd fallen asleep again.

The dark-haired girl came into the room. I went to her and slipped my arms around her waist, pulling her

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toward me. I kissed her but she wasn't responding very well. When I stopped kissing her, I noticed she was rubbing her stomach again. She said softly, "Can I feed the butterfly first? I'll be better if I feed him first. Honest. I'm not much on an empty stomach."

"Sure," I told her. "Go ahead. Feed the butterfly." But I didn't really feel that way. I had work to do, and I wasn't too concerned about her empty stomach or how good she'd be or good she wouldn't be on an empty stomach. I know there's a lot to be said for a girl who knows how to give forth with all the sensual little rhythms and enthusiasm while you're making love; but this morning I was mainly concerned about satisfying my old-fashioned lust and getting back on my job.

I followed her into the kitchen, studying her nicely-rounded buttocks; and sat at the kitchen table while she went to the refrigerator. She took an egg carton from the refrigerator, broke some eggs into a bowl, deftly stirred them and soon had them sizzling in a pan. "Do you want some eggs too?"

"No, thanks. I've had my breakfast."

"Already?" She wrinkled her nose.

"Already." I watched as she scraped the eggs onto a plate and placed the plate on the kitchen table. She prepared a pot of coffee, placed it on the stove, turned on the burner beneath. Instead of sitting at the table to eat her eggs, she stood beside the table, eating.

"Sometimes I eat breakfast standing up," she said. "Does that sound crazy?"

"Not at all."

"I don't remember your name," she said.

"Noah."

"That's funny... I mean, funny I didn't remember your name. I thought I met everyone last night... Did I meet you last night?"

I nodded yes. I said, "I don't remember your name either. I remember seeing you last night but I don't remember your name."

"Candice," she said. "Some of my friends call me Candy."

"Someone wrote a book titled *Candy*, didn't they?"

"A filthy, idiotic book," she said, munching her eggs. I thought it somewhat odd that a call girl should refer to any book as 'filthy', but she quickly gave me something else to think about: "That's really funny I didn't remember your name... I mean, funny because *Noah* is an unusual name and I should have remembered a name like that."

"Don't feel bad about it," I told her. "I didn't remember your name... and *Candy* isn't the most common name in the world."

She finished eating the eggs. The coffee had been perking for awhile. She went to the stove and stood there

silently watching it awhile, finally turned the burner off. "We can let the coffee cool off while we're having that encore. It should be just right when we're through. Shall we go upstairs and do it in comfort? I mean... on a bed...?"

"O.K."

I followed her out of the kitchen, down the hall, up the stairs. Halfway up the stairs, she turned suddenly and said, "Are you the one who told me he owns a chain of hardware stores... the one who was going to give me a discount on a toaster?"

I nodded No—I wasn't the guy who owned the chain of hardware stores.

At the top of the stairs, she paused, snapped her fingers. "You're the one who was telling all those jokes last night?"

"That was me."

But... at the bedroom door, she stopped again, biting her lower lip. "No... You're not the one I was thinking of I remember now... he was so fat... had such a big belly he had trouble getting in and he even had something funny to say about that."

"I was telling some jokes last night," I said defensively, "but as you can see, I'm not fat."

She glanced at my stomach and beneath my stomach. "You're big but you're not fat," she said.

"Thanks."

At the bed she paused again. "You're the one who sells yachts!"

I decided it wouldn't be wise to lie about it. She might catch me in the lie. I said, "Sorry. You've got me confused with someone else."

"Oh." She sat on the edge of the bed, slowly drew one leg up onto the bed. "Were you at the orgy we had Friday night?"

"No."

"I thought I remembered seeing you there... The Friday night and Saturday night orgies are always wilder than the ones during the week, aren't they?"

"Yeh."

"I guess it's because the men don't have to go to work the next day. I think Frank charges less for the ones during the week... you know, trying to attract more business..." I thought she had wandered completely off the subject but she said suddenly, "Who are you? I mean... what do you do...?"

"I'll tell you afterwards." I took her other leg and swung it up onto the bed. I climbed on the bed, and slid above her. She wrapped her arms around me and began all those little sensual rhythms she had learned to perform so well and—I don't know if it was all an act or not but—she began to moan as if in a painful ecstasy, she began to reverberate, thrusting her body in hungry spasms. Her fingernails dug into my back and her thighs tightened against my thighs. She

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pressed upward in one long shuddering effort and we finished simultaneously. She was gasping, her naked breasts rising and falling rapidly. She was damned good at it, and if it was all an act, it had been a damned good act.

We rested awhile and then she said, "You said you'd tell me *who* you were ..."

"I didn't say I'd tell you *who* I was. You asked what I did for a living and I said I'd tell you afterwards."

"Well ... tell me!"

"I'll show you." I slid off the bed and she followed me downstairs. I took my underwear and uniform from behind the chair where I'd hid them and dressed as fast as I could. Then I took the mailbag from behind the chair and found the stack of letters I'd had in my hand when I came up to the front door and accidentally glanced through the opening in the venetian blinds. There were several letters addressed to Mr. Frank Rigby but there was one addressed to Miss Candice Park. I gave her that letter and said, "Special delivery." ●

Females of Fortunate Isle

(continued from p. 9)

said, it happens all the time on those sexy Fortunate Islands, and a guy just has to get used to it. Fortunate indeed is the guy who goes and samples the living-up and the loving on Jersey, Guernsey, Aldernay, Herm and Sark, the big five of Britain's Channel Islands. All are superbly civilized oases where the briefest of bikinis tend to be filled to bursting point with females of three nationalities: British, Irish and French, and where American males are so rare that they're regarded by the girls as the most desirable sex-targets of all.

Lover interest among the ladies of the Channel Islands is understandable when there are so many unattached females there intent on having themselves a wing-ding no-holds-barred vacation.

Mostly they are the Mod girls, the swinging sinuous hipsters who look as though they have all come straight from London's Carnaby Street or the Left Bank of Paris. They arrive in droves, clad in their miniscule miniskirts and stepping with long-stemmed voluptuousness off the planes and the boats, which seem to be disgorging fresh passengers from Britain, France and Eire every other minute.

These gals are on the prowl. They are determined to manhunt the length of the island in the hope of latching on to a swinging male escort. And they are only too willing to make it well worth his while to stick around.

Everything about the Fortunate or Channel Islands is slanted towards the getting together of the sexes. Jersey, for instance, claims the highest average of sunshine and outdoor activities for any European resort—2,000 hours of sunshine to be precise.

It has become the swinging "in" island of Europe, a sub-tropical fun and sun retreat patronized by some of the most famous celebrities in the entertainment world. These include Julie Christie, Elke Sommer, Jill St. John, the Redgrave sisters, Vanessa and Lynn, Ursula Andress, Mike Caine, Richard Harris, Bill Cosby, and King of the Ring ex-champ Rocky Graziano.

One big factor working for Jersey's celebrity appeal is that it can be reached in less than an hour from the mainlands of Britain and Continental Europe. Another is that its climate compares favorably with the most bally-hooed and outrageously expensive Mediterranean resorts. Even in November the sun shines as brightly as in high summer, making the Bay of St. Aubin, at St. Helier on Jersey, look more than ever like that of Naples with which it is often compared.

As for sandy bare-the-body beaches, Jersey is blessed with twenty-one of them, all different and not concentrated in one area, but evenly spread along the 46 miles of its coast. In spite of the superiority, in numbers, of young and desirable females, the beaches are never overcrowded. A guy and his doll can change their beach every day, yet still leave scores of delightful coves and secluded necking spots unexplored.

What you *don't* find on Jersey are raucous fun fairs and cheap-jack huckster stands, clip joints, hash houses, bingo halls and similar excrescences. While frowning on the ugly and over-commercialized, the islanders who live there permanently are no spoilsports. Name any kind of indoor and outdoor activity you like and they'll provide it. And encourage it.

Girl-chasing across the beaches and rocks, wenching and quenching in the local bistros, eating and drinking in the fine restaurants offering superb French cuisine, skin-diving, treasure-hunting offshore, swimming, water-skiing, boating, sailing, bowling, riding, auto-racing and legal gambling—they're all there on those fortunate Fortunate Islands to be indulged in and enjoyed.

This is also true of Sark, Guernsey and the smaller islands of the group. Common to all are smiling, scantily-clad "birds" (females), quaint sea-ports, good roads, cheap bed-and-board pads, intimate bistros and naughty niteries.

Sark itself is known as "the Utopia of the English Channel." It is noted for its hideaway atmosphere. Unlike Jersey it has no cars, no railroads, no policemen. Its 600 inhabitants are ruled by a woman, and its constitution is almost the same as it was when Drake sailed the Spanish Main. It is a kingdom in miniature, with its own ancient laws, habits and customs.

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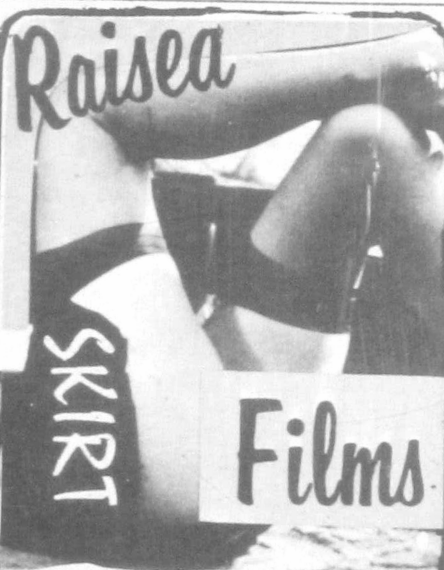
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mandy (the inhabitants still speak
Normandy dialect). But in the reign
of King Edward III it was infested
with pirates who became a serious
menace to shipping. It was captured
by a reckless bunch of adventurers
from Sussex, who used a variation of
the "Trojan Horse" trick to gain a
foothold on the island.

They anchored their single ship off
Sark, and pretending that a merchant
had died on board they asked permis-
sion to bury him on consecrated
ground attached to the chapel on the
island. This request was granted on
condition that the Sussex men landed
entirely unarmed.

A coffin, with no corpse in it, but
which was bulging with swords, dag-
gers, pistols and muskets was put into
the boat.

The pirates met the mourners as
they landed, and searched them. They
found nothing. The Sussex men went
into the chapel, shut the door, armed
themselves with the weapons inside
the coffin, and then attacked the gar-
rison.

In a few hours all the pirates had
been killed or captured. Sark has been
a British possession ever since.

Jersey too has been British for
eight centuries, but the islanders are
an independent bunch who stick to
French traditions and customs when-
ever these seem to offer advantages.
The food, wines, fashions, etiquette
and the eager professionalism with
which the mating game is handled are
all unmistakably French.

Taxes on Jersey are about one-
sixth of what they are state-side, and
luxury items like liquor, exotic food,
jewelry, clothing and feminine com-
pany are fantastically inexpensive.
That's why you see the shapely, mini-
clad London, Paris and Dublin gals
descending on the Fortunate Islands
in droves every spring, summer and
autumn.

The wide choice of delectable fe-
mine talent open to the questing male
is downright embarrassing. And
"fortunately" so.

Sex Gets the "X"

(continued from p. 6)

keeping kids away from X-rated
movies. Who's to judge how old a
child is? Must a parent show identi-
fication to prove he or she is the parent
or guardian of the child who is accom-
panying him? How will movies like
"The Fox" which shows sensitive over-
tones of lesbianism, be labeled? Who
will be responsible if a child does get
into an R film: the manager of the
theater? Why not the parent? The
child himself?

So, the hubub goes on and no one
quite knows exactly what's what, but
they're trying, that's for sure. Mean-
while, and before Big Brother govern-
ment steps in, why not go out and
enjoy a movie tonight?

Whose Sex Drive is Stronger?

(continued from p. 46)

rather, encompasses all walks of her
life. And freedom in one area will
eventually lead to freedom, complete
freedom, in all areas. For now, she is
hung-up on *what* and *what not* to do.
She will learn from experience. She
will *have* to.

As for the men, the sooner they ac-
cept the fact that woman's sexual
drive is at least equal to theirs, the
sooner woman's sexual drive will not
appear to be *superior*. For it is only
because of its newness and man's de-
sire to subjugate it that it appears
larger than life, beyond belief, incom-
prehensible. It is none of these; it is
only equal and should be treated as
such. When man can put aside his
heritage of the double standard and
accept as human and just, woman's
claim for sexual acceptance, then the
hubbub, the gobbledygook, the capital-
ist psychoanalysts will no longer be
necessary . . . not for the woman nor
the man! This may be a very long
time in coming, but it will undoubt-
edly be for the best.

Men will find their fears and anxie-
ties reduced and the marriage wars,
the fidelity battles, the sex skirmishes
in the bedrooms throughout the world
will vanish. There will be *peace*! ●

She Devil

(continued from p. 11)

with an upraised palm, looking back
toward the sound of the approaching
dogs.

She seemed phantom-like standing
there. An animal skin girded her full
hips and her breasts were bare and
firm, rising up to darkened crests in
the weak light.

She reached her hand out to him,
touching his fingers with a cool clasp.
She pulled him off through the thicket
and he wondered if he were dreaming.

The night was filled with pain and
pounding feet, of yelping hounds and
the nightmare rush of leaves slapping
his face, of mud sucking hungrily at
his feet, of a tree where he used his
remaining strength, pulling himself up
to a hut that hung mysteriously sus-
pended from an upper branch, then
the softness of a bed embracing his
beaten body, and soft fingers gently
cleansing his wounds, moving across
his tortured skin like cool silk.

In the nightmare of his sleep he saw
the hounds baying through the foam
of their own spittle, their red eyes
gleaming for the taste of his blood. He
saw himself falling, the mud reaching
up for him, pulling him down, down
into its black bosom. He saw the
teeth flashing in the night and heard
the sounds of his bones snapping, his
flesh shredding away from his body.

He awoke with a start, his hands
groping out before him, his eyes un-

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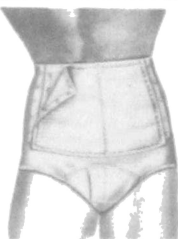
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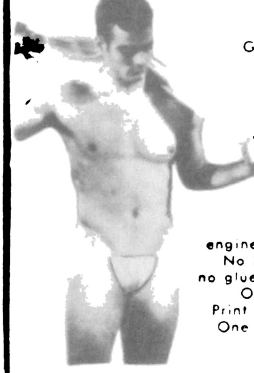
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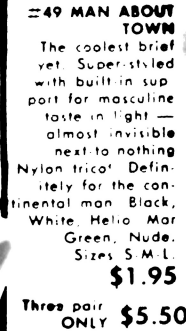


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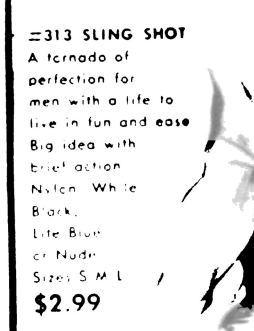
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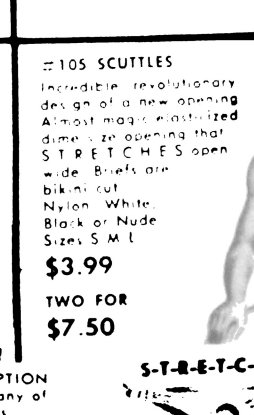


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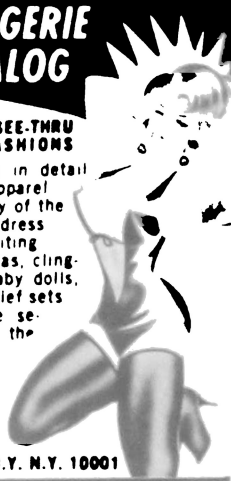
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blinking, searching out, trying to put his memories into reality.

A hand touched his forehead, a cool hand that eased his tightened nerves. The woman kneeled by his side and cooed something that rose from her throat like a gentle wind.

He looked up at her and she smiled, her dark eyes twinkling with laughter. Her hair fell about her shoulders in soft, rolling waves, reaching down to conceal the pink tips of her full breasts.

"Who are you?" he questioned. "Where am I?"

She gently pushed his straining neck back to the fur cot where he lay. Her head moved from side to side and he could see the patience that lay written on her face.

She moved around the hut with a liteness that caused his heart to flutter spasmodically in his chest. Her long, sensuous legs, her bare breasts, her delicately formed neck and back, all flaming a need in his body that had been almost forgotten.

He moved his eyes from her and looked about him. The hut was small, possibly fifteen by twenty feet. Overhead a ceiling composed of neatly placed branches and dried leaves shielded out the hot sun that bathed the jungle around them. There was no furniture in the room, only the cot where he lay. He listened to the sounds that filtered in from outside. A twittering of leaves, the sharp screech of birds, the usual noises of the jungle. There was no trace of the hounds, nor the sirens that had blared forth their news that a convict had escaped. He sighed, allowing his body to sink deeper into the warmth of the cot. It was enough for now that he had eluded them. He closed his eyes and this time his dreams were of a beautiful, golden woman who came to him in the night. This time he smiled in his sleep and slept long and easily.

The sweet fantasy of sleep dissipated and he awoke. His eyelids flicked open slowly. There was something tugging at his shirt. The room was saturated with the night. Outside a shaft of moonlight tried feebly to move into the darkened silence.

The woman was at his side, a phantom in the dimness. He heard the sound of ripping cloth as she pulled the prison shirt from his chest. It landed softly somewhere on the floor beyond. Then his trousers were pulled free, falling wherever the shirt must have gone. He waited, hardling daring to breathe. Something wet and cool ran the length of his body, and he felt his pores rejoice as the mud vanished from his skin.

She bathed him there in the dusk of the room and he found the hunger stirring in his breast again. He wanted to reach out to her, to sink his hands into the cool flesh of her arms, to pull her down into the cot with him, but something held him back. Caution

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perhaps, maybe even a respect for all she had done for him. He really didn't know, but he waited.

She left the room and he could hear her crawling down the thin ladder to the ground below. When she returned she gestured for him to sit up. He rose, swinging his legs over the rim of the cot while she placed his shackled hands on a large flat rock. She pounded at the unyielding steel until it severed with a ringing peal.

He looked at her face through the darkness. "Why do you do this for me?" he whispered, almost afraid his voice would break the fantasy of the moment. "I'm a convict." He smiled to himself. "You probably don't even know what I'm talking about, do you?"

She didn't answer, but her arms stole up around his neck and he felt her full lips brush his with a wet ecstasy. He brought his calloused hands up to the smooth flesh of her sides. She didn't resist. Instead her arms pulled him irresistibly deeper into the warm cot. She breathed hotly and her teeth sank with painful joy into the flesh of his shoulder. The wisp of cloth that clung to her hips came loose quickly under his groping hands, and he fell into a splendor that he had never known.

The morning broke with a warm radiance, and he rolled over half awake, moving his arm out to caress the smooth form that had lain next to him through the night. His hand moved through empty air. The indentation her body left in the cot was cold. She had gone. He sat up brushing the

sleep from his eyes, wondering vaguely if he had dreamt the whole thing.

Outside a harsh voice rose up to him.

"All right, Gregory, the party's over. You might as well come down."

He rose and stumbled across the room to the open door.

Below, the guards stood formed in a ring, the hounds whined eagerly as they saw him emerge. The woman stood off to one side, her head craned up, watching him, her face holding no emotion.

Several shotguns swung up, their muzzles trained on him. He felt fear constricting his chest.

"Come on down, Gregory," the guard nearest the base of the tree yelled. "You ain't got a chance, so's you may as well come peaceable."

He moved down the thin ladder, watching the woman as he descended. She avoided his eyes, staring blankly at the ground by her feet.

Hard hands grasped his shoulders and swung him around. A new pair of handcuffs slapped tightly around his wrists.

"Don't feel so downhearted, boy," the big guard laughed. "You ain't the first skunk old Zelda here has run up her tree."

Several of the other guards began snickering.

"Yes sir," he continued. "Best dad-blamed idea the state's come up with for years."

As they marched him off, he watched the woman climb her way back up the tree. She moved so gracefully, like some fragile animal of the jungle. ●

Some Far-Out Facts of Life

(continued from p. 4)

street, causing a crowd of more than 50 persons to gather."

However, that was not the startling aspect of the encounter for, upon learning Miss Appleman's name, patrolman Godfrey inquired if she knew of one Herman Appleman, to which the busty Miss replied that she was, that is, *had been* Herman Appleman, but was now indeed, Monique. Godfrey's reply was: "Remember me? I'm Ronnie!"

It seems that Herman went to Casablanca for a *change of scenery* if you will, and returned with her head high and chest out. At least that's the way

Godfrey found her on Seventh Avenue and 43rd Street at 3:45 a.m.; standing in the midst of a crowd with her chest out!

The six-foot Miss Appleman explained to the court that she had just left a costume ball and that because she was a professional entertainer, people recognized her and began ripping her clothes off.

The judge, evidently with a heart for reunions and all that, found her guilty of disorderly conduct, but released her with only a warning. As for Patrolman Godfrey, all he could think was *Herman sure changed a lot!* ●

The Most Vicious Animal

(continued from p. 64)

fending against the nameless hordes of Genghis Kahn or at least his mother-in-law, thus unmasking his real need to love up his fire stick.

As the world becomes increasingly more crowded, the weird ones multiply in proportion and maybe faster, but we remain all crowded together in the same narrow space, all armed, blowing off ammunition in the populated places. As another year approaches we have a good 3 1/2 billion people hanging

around. By the year 2000 this wad of mud will be hurtling through space with at least 7-billion souls on tap. The hunting land will by that time all be paved over with freeways. And there won't be enough wild animals left to satisfy the lust for dying flesh. So the dum-dums and steel-jackets will be flying down our streets.

If we know what's good for us, we'll all go out and buy us a weapon.

For self-defense, of course! ●

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CONVENTIONAL PLUGS explode this mixture with a spark jumping across an air gap. The spark is just 35-thousandths of an inch across—not wide enough to explode all the fuel in the cylinder. Unburned gas escapes through your exhaust. In time, the electrodes become eroded and caked with carbon. The gap widens, the spark gets narrower, you lose more power, waste more fuel... and finally have to replace your plugs.

JET-FIRE FUEL IGNITER WIDE SWATH OF FLAME
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Spark plugs are obsolete! Now there's a far better way to run your car.

With conventional spark plugs, only a fraction of the fuel that enters your cylinders is turned into power. The rest escapes through your tailpipe as unburned vapor. That is because their spark is so narrow—only 35-thousandths of an inch wide—that it cannot possibly ignite all the fuel mixture in the cylinder. As plugs get older, their sparks get narrower and less efficient till they have to be replaced.

New Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters do a far better job of turning gasoline into power. Instead of a narrow spark, they send out a wide swath of flame that "walks" across a semi-conductor tip, fanning out in all directions and exploding far more fuel in the cylinder.

Proof That You Get Up To 30 Horsepower More

Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters look like spark plugs merely because they have to be screwed into the spark plug socket. But what they do is far different. Here's how to prove it:

1. Run your car till it's fully warmed up.
2. Stop on a perfectly level stretch of road.
3. Put the car in Drive (1st gear with manual transmission), and see how fast the car rolls at idling speed.
4. Remove plugs and install Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters (a 10-minute job).
5. Now see how fast your car rolls at idling speed. You can expect it to go 4 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER without touching the gas pedal—dramatic proof that Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters increase engine RPMs by 100 to 150 with no increase in gas consumption. (At high speeds, RPMs increase by 300 to 350.)

So, first thing, you can reduce the gas flow by adjusting the idling screw, and start saving money before you've even driven a mile!

(At the same time, you can make your air-to-gas mixture leaner. Fuel Igniters require only a 15:1 ratio instead of the conventional 9:1. It's a simple adjustment that you or your mechanic can make in one minute. It provides even greater economy.)

Start driving and you'll notice even more improvement—up to 30 more horsepower of acceleration power, climbing power, and passing power. All this while burning less gas!

SWITCH TO REGULAR

The next time your gas gauge gets near the "Empty" mark, tell the attendant to fill it up with REGULAR! Chances are you'll no longer need premium which costs four to eight cents more than regular gas.

And this second saving is only the beginning. Jet-Fire Fuel Igniters provide easier cold-weather starts... and that means less drain on your battery, and no drain on your patience as you try to get started.

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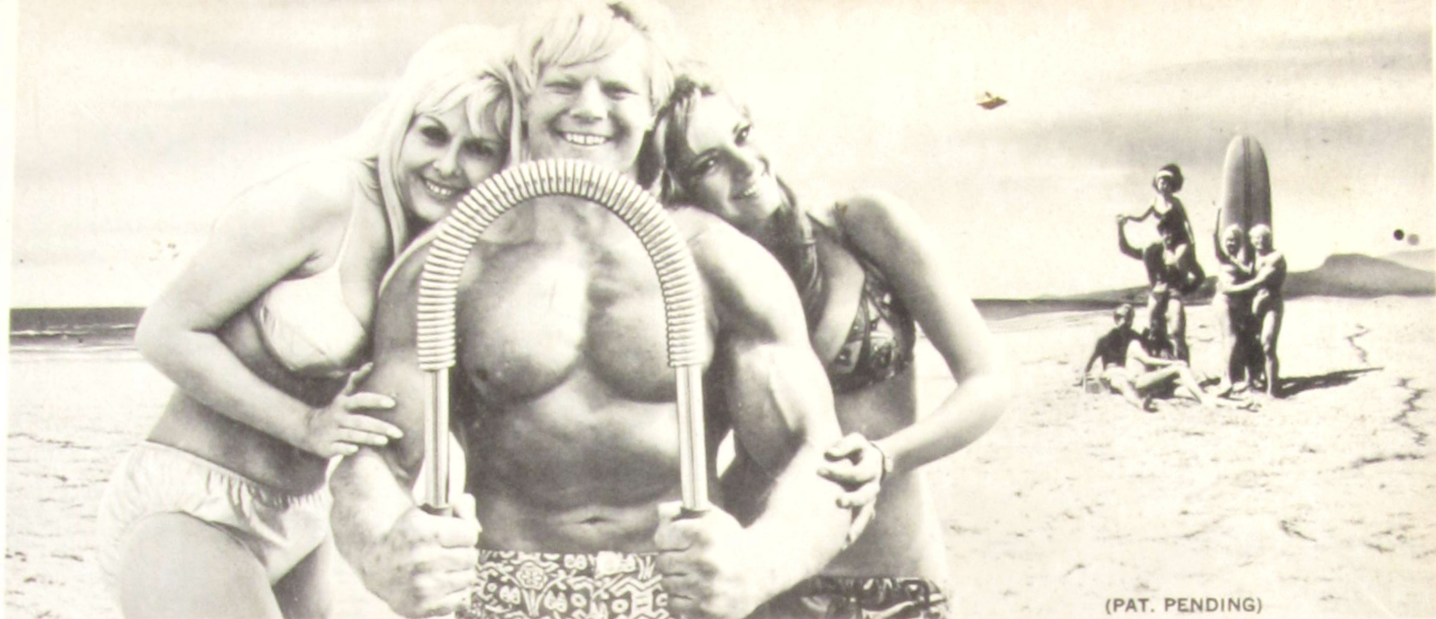
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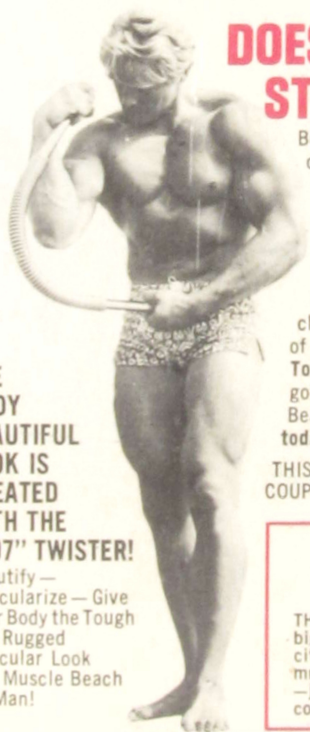
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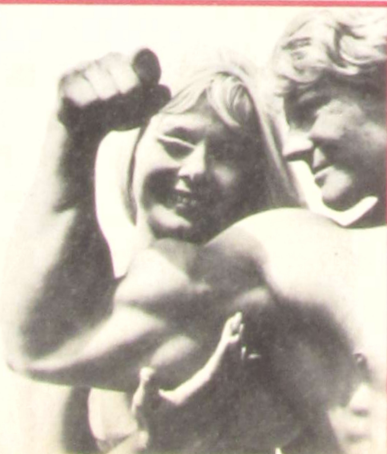
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